

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 7, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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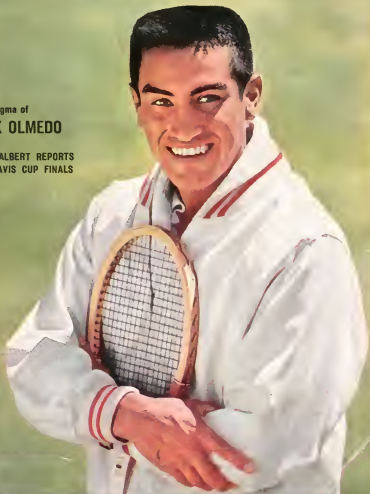
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Cover: Alex Olmedo ▶

▶ A Peruvian boy with a tennis racket bewitched and frustrated fans last week. See page 10 for a report on the Davis Cup finals and a story on the enigma of Alex Olmedo.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ Starting on September 14 Goller Charlie Coe will be called upon to defend his national amateur title. A portrait in words of the champion by Herbert Warren Wind.

▶ What's the big news in fall fashions for the sportsman and sportswoman? The Quarterly Sporting Look Preview will tell you in a 16-page section of color and highlights.

▶ Meet the Knox brothers, the extraordinary athletes and sportsmen who will ride helmet-for-action in the U.S. polo open championships on the fields of Oak Brook.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

BOB RICHARDS twice pole-vaulted 15 feet last month. He did it at the Pan American Games Preview, staged right on the city streets of Chicago's Loop by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and the State Street Council, a retail merchants' association. According to our Jim Belsey, who was there touting Coke boxes under the stanchions to bring the bar high enough to challenge Richards, he cleared it one time by a good six inches—and all with a curving, 80-foot approach, much shorter than normal, and a pile of sawdust-filled potato sacks for a landing pit. That's 81 inches off Bob Gutowski's world record—but I'll be surprised if it doesn't stand on State Street as a record for a while.

When the whistle blew to start the Giants-Colts exhibition game at Dallas a couple of weeks ago, nearly everyone was taking up where he left off last December in *The Best Football Game Ever Played* (SI, Jan. 5)—including the Giants' great end, Kyle Rote. In the months between, however, Kyle had been putting some of his many off-gridiron talents to work as a member of a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** advertising presentation team. "After facing some of those audiences," he recently wrote us, "getting back to Gino Marchetti's bear hugs again was almost a pleasure. And if you think

I'm kidding, I am. Remember me to everybody."

Late summer days like these, the afternoon sun comes through my office window with special vengeance. It brings to mind another incident which happened about a year ago when, as part of the New York Summer Festival, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** put



RICHARDS UP AND OVER IN CHICAGO

on a sports spectacular in the plaza of Rockefeller Center. A highlight was a doubles match between Bill Talbert and Vic Seixas, Dick Savitt and Don Budge. For ice skating it's fine, but the plaza was never made for tennis. The match took place on an area amounting to an oversized badminton court with an east-west axis. Daily, as the sun sank in the west it poured unerringly through the Manhattan canyons into the blinking eyes of Don Budge, who every time seemed to end up on the court's east side. It is hard to forget him on the last day, his frocked left hand shading his eyes, as he hit a fore-shortened forehand to Talbert. In a mock snarl, as audible to the spectators as his grin was visible, he said, "When are you ever going to let me play on that side?"

One thing's sure. It's been good to have all of them, Richards, Rote, Budge and hundreds more, playing on our side.

Arthur Murphy

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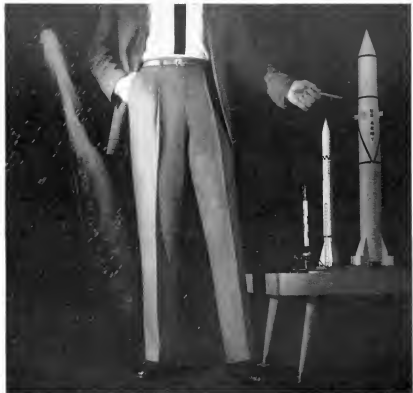
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MOTOR SPORTS

Important national and regional automobile races and rallies through the end of November

- Sept. 6-7:** SCCA National Races Thompson, Conn.
- Sept. 7:** NASCAR Southern "500", Darlington, S.C.
- Sept. 8:** USAC 100-mile championship race Du Quoin, Ill.
- Sept. 12-13:** SCCA Road America 500, Elkhart Lake, Wis.
- Sept. 13-14:** SCCA New York—race Bridgehampton, N.Y.
- Sept. 14-15:** SCCA Florida-Gold Coast Endurance Race, Boca Raton, Fla.
- Sept. 15:** USAC 100-mile championship race, Syracuse, N.Y.
- Sept. 16-17:** SCCA New England—4th Annual Gaspé Rally, Caribou, Maine
- Sept. 16:** USAC 100-mile championship race, Indiana State Fairgrounds, Indianapolis.
- Sept. 18-19:** SCCA Johnny Appleseed Rally, Cleveland.
- Sept. 20:** USAC 250-mile stock car race, Milwaukee.
- Sept. 20-21:** SCCA National Race, Watkins Glen, N.Y.
- Sept. 21-22:** SCCA Colorado—Continental Divide Rally, Aspen, Colo.
- Sept. 23:** USAC 100-mile championship race, Trenton, N.J.
- Sept. 25:** NASCAR 250-mile Sweepstakes, Martinsville, Va.
- Oct. 1-2:** SCCA New York—Rip Van Winkle Rally, Westchester County Airport, White Plains, N.Y.
- Oct. 10-11:** SCCA South Jersey-Philadelphia—race, Vineland, N.J.
- Oct. 11:** USAC 100-mile championship race, Albuquerque.
- Oct. 12:** SCCA New York—race, Lime Rock, Conn.
- Oct. 17-18:** SCCA San Jacinto—South Texas State Fair Rally, Beaumont, Texas.
- Oct. 18:** USAC 100-mile championship race, Phoenix.
- Oct. 19-20:** SCCA Kansas City—Flaming Fall Rally, Camden, Mo.
- Oct. 20:** USAC 100-mile championship race, Sacramento.
- Nov. 3-5:** SCCA Philadelphia—Appalachian Rally, Hershey, Pa.
- Nov. 10-11:** SCCA Central Florida—race, Daytona Beach, Fla.
- Nov. 12-13:** Speed Week, Nassau, Bahamas.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROY TERRELL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Bone-weary after playing five games in four days (and losing four of them), the San Francisco Giants staggered into Los Angeles on Friday to meet the well-rested Dodgers, their once-comfortable lead shaved to two games. As it turned out, the Giants were playing possum. They landed on Dodger Ace Don Drysdale for five runs in the first two innings, coasted in behind the shutout pitching of Sam Jones. It was perhaps the National League's most important night of the year. Failure of the Los Angeles Dodgers to knock off the Giants in their series opener was the only blight on an otherwise perfect week. Sandy Koufax pitched a splendid game and Johnny Podres a good one against the Phils. When Drysdale collapsed on Friday (see page 20), the entire Dodger team looked dead. But when the series resumed on Sunday, there was an off day Saturday as the pro footballers took over the Coliseum: the Dodgers were ready again. They beat the Giants 7-6 with two runs in the ninth inning, capitalizing on two errors by San Francisco's new white kid, Willie McCovey. The *Milwaukee Braves*, with a chance to make up some ground, dropped four out of seven instead. Their big hitters finally broke the home run famine with nips in four days (three each by Aaron and Adair), but only old faithfuls Spahn and Burdette could pluck well enough to win. Almost forgotten after their disastrous slump in late July, the Pittsburgh Pirates came roaring back into contention with a 15-4 record on the long home stand, treating league leaders and tail-enders alike. Bob Friend won his fourth straight with masterful control; Vernon Law (15-7) looked more and more like one of the league's best; Smokey Burgess swung a big bat. But the sport

was really triggered by the hitting of Rocky Nelson, who boosted his average from .214 to .300, surprised almost everybody but himself. "All I needed," said the Rock, "was a chance to play regularly." Slumping badly, the Cincinnati Reds managed to extract one victory when Rookie Jim O'Toole pitched a five-hit shutout, struck out 10 Cubs. Explained Manager Fred Hutchinson: "He just plain threw hell out of the ball." Only Tony Taylor's hitting .399 in last 19 games kept the Chicago Cubs from complete collapse as the pitching staff came apart. Ken Boyer



HOT BAT > 440: gave Carl Joe Cunningham a good shot at the NL title, while Tiger Harvey Kuenn held safe AL lead.

been toying with noncontenders, couldn't get the usually light-hitting Sox out when it counted. Elsewhere, there was a dog fight for the first division, with no team able to gain an edge. The New York Yankees discovered that their best pitcher was Art Ditmar (2.98 ERA); the rest of the high-price staff—Ford, Turley, Larsen, etc.—was miserable. The Detroit Tigers had a *senso* week despite their rest of stars: Frank Lary, first American League to win 17 games; Harvey Kuenn, .351, and Al Kaline, .313, one-two in the batting race; Jimunning, league leader with 156 strikeouts; Eddie Yost, a 17-homer, 160-run-seeded leadoff man. The Baltimore Orioles did an about-face, came up with good hitting instead of bad, had pitching instead of good, found the new combination was worse than before, fell from third place to fifth. Continued improvement of the Boston Red Sox was due to hitting from unexpected sources: Gary Geiger, Pumpke Green, Dick Gernert, and a pitching hit supplied by Jerry Casale and Bill Monbouquette. The Kansas City Athletics' hopes for a first-division berth were kept alive by the 306 hitting of Bill Tuttle, long one of the game's best center fielders, and a big comeback by Bob Cies (26 hits in 55 trips, 16-game hitting streak, club lead in RBIs and home runs). The Washington Senators really looked like the old Washington Senators when even the home run stopped. They produced only three in 11 games, one of which was Harmon Killebrew's No. 38.

Standings: Sox 39-49, Clew 77-55, Det 85-45, NY 64-11, Balt 53-69, KC 51-69, KC 56-70, Wash 52-77.

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Indians, SF (24)	98	65	153
Kansas, Wash (24)	88	58	145
Minnesota, Bos (24)	78	64	142
Monks, Clew (24)	77	65	142
Cleveland, Clew (24)	80	57	137
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Boston, Clew (23)	94	82	176
Pirates, Clew (23)	112	58	170
Aaron, Clew (24)	100	65	165
Braves, Clew (23)	86	84	170
Phils, SF (23)	108	60	168

*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBIs

was named first St. Louis Cardinal captain went Schoendienst left, promptly fired up the club by extending hitting streak to 19 games. He had ample help from Joe Cunningham, who closed in on Henry Aaron in the batting race, celebrated his 28th birthday with four hits. The Philadelphia Phillies continued to do things no major league team should do, caused Manager Eddie Sawyer to moan: "We make mistakes some of my minor league teams didn't make."

Standings: SF 76-57, LA 75-55, Mil 70-62, Pitt 50-82, Clew 53-69, Clew 57-61, Wash 51-77, Phil 54-76.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The pennant race was over for six of the eight teams, and all eyes were on Cleveland where the two leaders ran head-on into each other (see page 21). The Chicago White Sox, choice of most observers because of their pulse and remarkable speed and defense, rose to the occasion. With Turk Lown and Gerry Staley brilliant in relief of the wretched pitching staff, the Sox warmed up with three victories over the also-rans, then lit into Cleveland as if the whole season depended on this one series. The Cleveland Indians, riding the crest of an eight-game winning streak which had lost Chicago's lead at one point to one game, lost their momentum in a hurry. Big hitters (Colavito, Francona and Power) failed to come through, and Indian pitchers, who had

STARS OF THE SEASON

American League National League

THE BEST PITCHERS

Career win Complete games	Lary, Clew 17-8 Podres, Wash 13-7	Aaron, SF 17-7 Burdette, Clew 17-7
Min per game Wins per game SOs per game Runs per game	Score, Clew 6.70 Lary, Clew 6.12 Podres, Clew 5.70	Adair, SF 7.23 Burdette, Clew 6.19 Adair, Clew 5.70

THE BEST HITTEES

Percentage Home runs	Spahn, Clew 355 Burke, Clew 355 Clemens, Clew 355 (1 per 12 AB)	Aaron, Mil 358 Burke, Clew 355 Clemens, Clew 355 (1 per 12 AB)
Extra base hits Runs scored	Spahn, Clew 355 Burke, Clew 355 Clemens, Clew 355	Aaron, Mil 358 Burke, Clew 355 Clemens, Clew 355


THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME

Most runs Most hits Most runs per game Most hits per game Most runs per game Most hits per game	Cleveland 4.75 Chicago 3.83 Kansas City 9.13 Cleveland 7.93 Cleveland 1.18 Baltimore 0.75	Cleveland 5.10 Milwaukee 5.10 St. Louis 9.42 San Francisco 3.25 Milwaukee 1.14 Pittsburgh 0.83
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TEAM LEADERS

	Batting	Home Runs	Pitches
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
AL: Joe	314	Lary, Clew 20	Wayne, Ind 18-9
AL: Power	302	Clemens, Clew 20	McLish, Ind 18-9
AL: Lary	284	Ward, Clew 20	Perr, Ind 18-9
AL: Kasper	255	Wayne, Ind 21	Lary, Ind 18-9
AL: Wauson	317	Traverse, Clew 25	Perr, Ind 18-9
AL: Bonds	318	Wayne, Ind 25	DeLoach, Ind 18-9
AL: Tuttle	324	Clew 17	Ind 18-9
AL: Lemoine	287	Adair, Clew 20	Perr, Ind 18-9
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
NL: Gerdie	319	Clemens, Clew 21	Adair, Ind 18-9
NL: Spahn	318	2 wks 21	Coryell, Ind 18-9
NL: Aaron	318	Aaron, Clew 20	Burdette, Clew 18-9
NL: Burgess	315	Staley, Clew 20	Fane, Ind 18-9
NL: Pate	305	Ind 20	Wayne, Ind 18-9
NL: Pate	305	Ind 20	Wayne, Ind 18-9
NL: Bonds	317	Wayne, Ind 25	DeLoach, Ind 18-9
NL: Clemens	351	Wayne, Ind 25	DeLoach, Ind 18-9
NL: Bonds	351	Wayne, Ind 25	DeLoach, Ind 18-9

Based on statistics through Saturday, August 24



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COMING EVENTS

September 4 to September 10

All times are E.D.T.

★ Color telecasts ♦ Television ■ Network radio

Friday, September 4

- BASKETBALL**
 - Kansas City at Detroit, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOXING**
 - Matchbox on Merkle, lights, 10 eds., Atlantic
 - Clio, N.J., 10 p.m. (NBC)
- FOOTBALL** (para. pressman)
 - Baltimore vs. Pittsburgh at Miami (N)
- GOLF**
 - Kansas City Open, \$20,000, Kansas City, Mo. (through Sept. 7)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**
 - Baseball, basketball (men and women), boxing (male), equestrian sports (Three Day Event), swimming (men and women), yachting (Boats), Chicago
- TELEVISION**
 - UNLTA Singles and Mixed Doubles chess, Forest Hills, N.Y., through Sept. 12 (NBC, Sept. 12, 13) *

Saturday, September 5

- AUTO RACING**
 - Natl. SCCA race, Thompson, Conn. (through Sept. 7)
- BASKETBALL**
 - Cleveland at Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
 - Milwaukee at Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (CBS-TV, NBC radio)
- FOOTBALL** (para. pressman)
 - Chicago Bears vs. Washington at Jacksonville (AP) *
 - San Francisco vs. Chicago Cardinals at Seattle (Cleveland at Los Angeles (N)
 - New York vs. Green Bay at Hartford, Mo. (N)
- HORSE RACING**
 - Washington Park Futurity, \$100,000, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.
 - Stamox County Handicap, \$25,000, Belmont Park, N.Y. (N)
- HORSESHOE PITCHEX**
 - U.S. champs, Elmhurst, Ill. (also Sept. 6)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**
 - Baseball, basketball (men and women), equestrian sports (Three Day Event), swimming (men and women), tennis, yachting (men and women), Chicago

Sunday, September 6

- BASKETBALL**
 - Milwaukee at Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)
 - Cleveland at Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (CBS-TV, Mutual radio)
- BOATING**
 - National Outboard Amn. Amateur champs, Nashville (also Sept. 7)
- HORSE RACING**
 - Indiana State Fair, Indianapolis (through Sept. 11)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**
 - Baseball (male), basketball (men and women), tennis, equestrian sports (Three Day Event), swimming (men and women), tennis, Chicago

Monday, September 7

- AUTO RACING**
 - NARFAR Grand National drivers, \$70,000, Darlington, S.C.
- BASKETBALL**
 - Pittsburgh at Milwaukee, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual)
- HORSE RACING**
 - Washington Park Handicap, \$100,000, Wash. again at Arlington Park, Ill. (television)
 - Hoosier Futurity test, \$25,000, Indianapolis (through Sept. 11)
- PAN AMERICAN GAMES**
 - Equestrian sports (Three Day Event), swimming (men and women), Chicago

Tuesday, September 8

- HORSE RACING** (television)
 - Horseshoe State test, \$25,000, Indianapolis.

Wednesday, September 9

- BASKETBALL**
 - Cincinnati at Chicago, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOATING**
 - International Challenge Cup, sailing regatta, Elmchester, N.Y., through Sept. 11.
- BOXING**
 - Brown vs. Kavan, lights, 10 eds., Columbia Ohio, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Thursday, September 10

- BASKETBALL**
 - St. Louis at Milwaukee, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- * See local listing



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This four-door imported station wagon gives you comfort, convenience—economy, too!

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AUSTRALIA WINS IT

The ex-Davis Cup captain explains America's loss of the cup as a matter of mismatched moods on the part of the players and a lack of court-side help on the part of Captain Perry Jones

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

AUSTRALIA finally recovered the Davis Cup at Forest Hills last week. When Neale Fraser finally finished off Barry MacKay on Monday 8-6, 3-6, 6-2, 6-4, it gave the Aussies the victory, three matches to two. Both MacKay and Alex Olmedo, the Peruvian who was supposed to carry the main hopes of the U.S. team, had beaten Rod Laver, the No. 2 Australian, but those were our only points. The rest of the time, due largely to Olmedo's disappointing play, it was a field day for the boys from down under.

Two days before the challenge round, munching hors d'oeuvres at the Commodore Hotel where the Davis Cup draw was being made, U.S. Captain Perry Jones confidently predicted his tennis forces would sweep past the challenging Australians 5-0.

This was not a mere psychological thrust. There appeared sound reasoning for such an optimistic outlook. America had Alex Olmedo, who eight months before had crushed a far finer Australian team in the tennis upset of the generation, Barry MacKay was now playing the best tennis of his life. And only a few days before, in the U.S. championship at Brookline, Mass., Olmedo and 18-year-old Earl Buchholz Jr. had carried Australia's World Doubles Champions Neale Fraser and Roy Emerson to five sets, with Olmedo obviously off form.

Jones's reasoning was that if Olmedo and Company could beat Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson, then rated the top amateurs of the world, as they did in Brisbane last December, then they should have little trouble with the second-stringers Captain Harry Hopman had assembled after Cooper and Anderson turned pro.

What happened?

First of all, Olmedo, whose tennis is dictated by his moods, suddenly turned sour. He was not mentally prepared for the big assignment, and as a result the power of America's resistance crumbled.

At Brisbane, Olmedo had been prodded to his superior effort by a team of Jack Kramer's hardened professionals, particularly Pancho Gonzales. Since then Kramer had quit as the team's chief counsel because of criticism, and Gonzales now was back in Los Angeles, pouting over a contract feud with Boss Kramer.

In the opening singles match against Fraser, Olmedo was dull and listless. There was no fire or determination. He merely went through the motions.

Explanations for this letdown were many. Some said he was still smarting from the official slaps he took after his lackadaisical loss to Abe Segal and subsequent suspension in the clay-court tournament in Chicago. Others said it was the tension and responsibility of being recognized as the best amateur in the world. Captain Jones said he thought his star player was spoiled by too much adulation. At any rate, Olmedo was definitely down.

Fraser served remarkably. He completely confounded Olmedo with his high bounding spin service, which he put into the backhand or forehand corners with a deceptively similar motion. Alex put in play only 40% of Fraser's serves.

There was no reason that in the long four-set match Olmedo should not have solved the tricky delivery and learned to return it. Yet he never changed tactics. A chipper, particularly off his backhand, the Peruvian

stood just inside the base line and tried to catch the service on the rise. Often he barely touched the ball, and there were times he missed it completely.

The spin service is not new. Players used it as far back as the early 1900s. One of the cardinal rules of competitive tennis is always to change a losing game. Olmedo should have tried standing back of the line catching the ball at its height, driving instead of chipping on the return.

Jones said he suggested this to Olmedo, but the Inca youngster declined to change. "Alex is a touch player," said Jones, "and he always felt his touch would return."

Jones, of course, had the disadvantage as captain of never having gone through the competitive grind. He is a tennis administrator—a wonderful one—but by his own admission he is not a tactician, and from court-side could not be expected to catch the little faults that are quickly obvious to a man like Hopman, a former Davis Cupper himself.

Hopman deserves immeasurable credit. He did an excellent job of bringing his team of second-stringers and raw youths through the campaign into the challenge round. He took his team more than 25,000 miles and played on various surfaces and in various climates in beating Mexico, Canada, Cuba, Italy and India en route to Forest Hills.

Hopman's one big coup was the development of a first-rate doubles team, Fraser and Emerson, which swept through the Wimbledon and U.S. championships and won the Davis Cup doubles point.

The U.S. was derelict in organizing a good pair. Olmedo and Buchholz were teamed after Wimbledon and, while I think they are probably the best we could choose under the circumstances, they should have been forged into a stronger team. For one thing, they might have been paired earlier so they could learn to play to-

Photograph by Marvin E. Newman

BACK

gether better. For another, Olmedo might have been more effective playing the forehand court, as he did with Ham Richardson last year. Hopman himself expressed private fears that Olmedo might be shifted to his more familiar station.

He was surprised that our team did not use more imagination. Olmedo, still plagued by Fraser's service, played poorly. He didn't poach and cut off enough shots. Buchholz, whose tension in such circumstances is excusable, made too many errors and wild gambles instead of playing percentage doubles.

While losing so decisively, the American team might have tried formation changes which worked so effectively in the past—such as the scissors play used by Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert in their big upset victory in 1953 or the tandem that Olmedo and Richardson sprang on Fraser last year. In serving to Fraser in the backhand court the netman on the Olmedo-Richardson team stood on the same side as the server, nullifying Fraser's crisp cross-court return.

Olmedo played better tennis—but not his best—in his Sunday match against Laver, the bowlegged Queenslander who had set points in each of the sets he lost. Alex still showed lapses in concentration. At times he was brilliant, particularly in clutch spots, but at other times his play was shaky. Once in the third set—at a critical stage—he had Laver completely out of position and he tried a difficult stop volley. The ball hit the net cord and bounced back. There were other safer shots he might have tried. This was the Olmedo of the 1959 challenge round, tentative and unsure. A clue to what was wrong may be found in James Murray's study of him on the next page.



BOUNCE SERVE of Aussie Neale Fraser was returned only 40% of time by Olmedo.

OLMEDO: THE ENIGMA OF TENNIS

by JAMES MURRAY

He was everybody's hero last year when he won the Davis Cup for the U.S., but at Forest Hills the brilliant, moody Peruvian frustrated tennis fans with his erratic play

Photograph by Ted Polbanbaum



LOUNGING OLMEDO WEARS SOLEMN EXPRESSION, DESPITE GAY ITALIAN STRAW HAT

Last weekend at Forest Hills the man who was primarily responsible for America's dramatic capture of the Davis Cup in 1958 all but lobbed it right back. It was frustrating. If he had been at the top of his form, the challenge round would not have been close. In the U.S. tennis fans sighed as they realized what had happened: Alex Olmedo was simply beaming like Alex Olmedo. It had happened before. It would happen again.

There is nothing else quite like Olmedo in the formful world of tennis. He is the world's best amateur tennis player one day. And he is plain run-of-the-mill the next.

IT is New Year's Eve, 1958, in the steeply banked Milton tennis stadium at Brisbane, Australia, and the capacity crowd falls sickly silent. The Davis Cup is hanging in the balance. Nervous and haggard, the Australian Ashley Cooper, behind two sets to one in the match, 7-6 in the set and 40-love in the game, waits for the match-point serve. Across the net the poker-faced Peruvian with the black-spike hair flashes his racket like a machete in the air and the ball hurtles in. Desperate, Cooper leaps at it, slashes, hits the ball out of court, and the Davis Cup goes over to the U.S. Cooper's opponent dances a brief war dance, flings his racket in the air and bursts into tears. It is Alex Olmedo's finest hour.

Now it is May 1959, brief months later, in the cool breezes of San Francisco. Alex Olmedo, the one-man Davis Cup team, is playing a California second-rater named Cliff Mayne in the semifinals of the state tournament. Onlookers cannot believe their eyes. Olmedo leaves the baseline only six times in three sets as Mayne, who would have to pay to see a Davis Cup match, eliminates him 6-3, 6-1, 6-0. Hisses fill the clubhouse. "Olmedo fouled out!" a sportswriter exclaims incredulously.

Now it is July 1959, at Wimbledon. Olmedo is crushing the Aussie, Rod Laver, in the finals of the world's foremost tournament. The scores are devastating, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4. Laver looks dazed as he walks off the court.

Alex Olmedo is presented Wimbledon's Challenge Cup by the Duchess of Kent. Once again he is the toast of tennis.

Now it is two weeks later. Olmedo is playing not before royalty but before shirt-sleeved fans at the National Clay Court championship at River Forest near Chicago. His opponent is not a high-ranking Australian but a nondescript South African, Abe Segal. Olmedo shows less interest in the match than in the birds flying overhead; in fact, he spends a good part of the time watching a pair of pretty girls playing a match one court away. He loses 6-2, 6-1, 6-0 in a torrent of boos. Even Opponent Segal grows exasperated, shouts at him, "Start playing tennis." Olmedo's eyes merely glitter as he insolently double-faults, refuses to play reachable shots and turns his back on his opponent's pleas. He is promptly disqualified from even playing out the doubles in the tourney, and a Chicago paper the next day congratulates the officials for "the prompt manner in which they tossed Alex Olmedo out on his ego." The paper also requests that the officials "cut off his expense account," and a columnist adds that "while on the subject . . . I've been wondering along with some millions of others just why it was necessary to go to a foreign country to pick a player to represent the U.S. in Davis Cup competition."

WHO IS ALEX?

The question, of course, is begged: Which is the real Alex Olmedo? The dissident, resentful, balky young Incan who would spitefully lose to a public-park player? Or the savage slasher of Brisbane and Wimbledon who can put away the world's best in straight sets?

It is probable that neither and both is the real Alex Olmedo. For the young Peruvian who, in the words of one cynic, has become "the U.S.'s most embarrassing foreign entanglement since Tito," is, in the words of a kinder critic, "a guy who wouldn't swat a fly but who would tackle a tiger with his bare hands."

To be sure, as his good friend Myron MacNamara puts it, "He needs an element of self-preservation in the match for him to do his best. Alex

will not beat anybody as a favor to the tournament committee."

But this does not explain why. Tennis has been good to Alex Olmedo, goes the refrain. Therefore, he owes it a top performance every time he goes to the court.

To understand why Olmedo apparently doesn't think so, it is necessary to go back to 1953 when Olmedo was a simple, sunny youngster from Arequipa, Peru, the son of a quondam groundskeeper and coach, who had become, at the age of 17, the best tennis player in Peru. The head of the Peruvian tennis association, Jorge Harten, knew this was not enough, and he imported the U.S. teacher, Stanley Singer, to demonstrate the finer points to the gifted youngster and other Lima hopefuls.

Olmedo, at that time, had appeared briefly on the international scene, bowing out in his first match in the U.S. Nationals at Forest Hills in 1951 (to Jacques Grigry, 6-4, 6-0, 6-1). But it did not take Singer long to realize the boy's rare talent.

It became imperative to get Olmedo to the U.S., to Los Angeles, before his game could atrophy in a welter of inferior competition. A collection of \$700 was taken up, Peru promised to send their student \$75 a month, and in early 1954 Olmedo headed for Los Angeles and tennis destiny.

There was no question then of delivering this uncut diamond directly to the fussy, fanatical entrepreneur of amateur tennis in southern California, Perry T. Jones himself. The non-English-speaking, shy and frightened Olmedo was not ready for Jones when he arrived hot and dusty in the depot in Los Angeles in February 1954. A more fitting mentor in the person of a public-park tennis-shop proprietor, Joe Cianci, was the man who met, clothed, fed and befriended the semiwaif who had had to pay a Mexican in El Paso to write out the wire to Los Angeles about his arrival.

Cianci put Alex in night school, gave him a job in the tennis shop when the Peruvian government later stopped its subsidies, coached the youngster in what tennis he knew and encouraged pros like Pancho Segura to take an interest in him. He also schooled him in the realities of

continued

tennis in southern California, Perry T. Jones presiding. "When I take you to Mr. Jones," instructed Cianci urgently through an interpreter, "no matter what happens, no matter how mad you get, smile, dammit, smile—all the time! Hear?"

It would be nice—for the movie rights—to be able to report that Cianci and his young ward walked into the sunset of life still fast friends. But Cianci does not even speak to Olmedo any more. "I found the kid an apartment, fed him scrambled eggs in the morning, treated him like a son. He gives the appearance he's a swell kid, but you can't rely on him," growls Cianci bitterly today. Olmedo bows his head at the charge but does not return the serve. "Joe thinks I do not give him enough credit. The truth is I worked for him in his shop—I strung rackets and made malts and hamburgers for the customers."

Cianci tried manfully to get his charge in the hands of Jones. But Jones has a rigidly enforced rule that his junior tournaments, for which Olmedo was eligible anyway, are open only to youngsters attending regular classes in school. Says Cianci: "I think Mr. Jones was also mad be-

cause Alex had not come up here through him. Anyway, he used to scream at me that Olmedo would never play at the Los Angeles Tennis Club as long as he had anything to say about it. But then, one day, he says to me, 'I just can't be mean to that boy—that cute little smile. I'm going to help him.'"

At that time, as it happened, Czar Jones was fast losing his grip on his little world of amateur tennis. Under his system of interlocking programs and foundations, southern Californians historically had won a staggering total of 446 national championships, 39 Wimbledon championships and 32 national collegiate titles. But before Olmedo there had been a long dry spell. Not since Pancho Gonzales turned pro in 1949 had southern California come up with a successor to the giants of the past. It was a matter of some concern to Jones, because management of a top player, and only that, could put him in the bargaining position he loved best. As Jack Kramer put it: "Whoever has got the top player runs tennis." Gardnar Mulloy assented: "Jones used to take care of his boys real good. You always found the Californians—and Jones—sleeping in the best hotels, eating at the best restaurants and

staying at the best homes. When they were the best, that is. They got enough expense money to eat well and sleep well. If they didn't they didn't show up. The rest of us slept in locker rooms or tents."

It did not take Jones long to perceive that Olmedo was the key to reopen the golden door. But it was the University of Southern California's ex-tennis coach, Lou Wheeler, and George Toley, present coach, who arranged for Olmedo to enroll at Modesto Junior College, some 300 miles north of Los Angeles. It was not a moment too soon. Cianci had been on the point of sending the young player back to Peru when the offer came.

At Modesto, Olmedo slept five in a room with two tennis players and two football players (one of whom, Proverb Jacobs, now belongs to the Philadelphia Eagles). He also worked in a cannery. He also played tennis. He enrolled at the University of Southern California in February 1956, got a \$100-a-month campus job, a sinecure at the Peruvian consulate answering phones and a membership at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. He became Mr. Jones's "ho," and won the NCAA championship for USC the first time he played in it.

Even so, his progress was aggravatingly slow, and he was frequently scolded for his lackadaisical play by both Jones and his coach, George Toley. It was Toley who first saw a pattern emerge: "It boiled down to this," he observes. "Some people can get on a court and, without effort, play up to their maximum capabilities every time. Pancho Segura is one who can, for instance. There are others who cannot put out every time. Henri Cochet was one of these. He was the best in the world in the Davis Cup, very often beatable other times."

"Alex is like that. Once, in a doubles match against Stanford, he didn't try a lick. I talked to him for two hours and told him he had to shape up. I told him he gave inferior players confidence by not keeping the pressure on. He walked away and was mad. Pretty soon he came back with a smile on his face."

But, the point is, the smile was probably only on Olmedo's face. There is little doubt the Incan impassivity, as it so often does, masked a seething within. Olmedo renders even to Toley only that which he thinks is "Toley's." He admits: "I have a philosophy. I have heard so much from so many. I never listen exactly. I



DISGUSTED WINNER Abe Segal (right), clearly angry, reluctantly accepts Olmedo's handshake after latter deliberately lost match in a tournament at Chicago in July.

man, I listen. But I don't. I learn most from players I play against. That's the big way you learn tennis."

Olmedo learned life, too. Although accepted virtually without reservation in the West on the sheer force of a captivating personality, it was true that Alex had chosen a sport still largely dominated by the very rich and the very white. Cornell Jackson, the president of the Los Angeles Tennis Club, once found Olmedo, the top-seeded player at the club at the time, weeping convulsively in back of the locker rooms. Some thoughtless member had addressed him sharply as "You, there, boy!" Another time Gardner Mulloy commented on Alex's play at Wimbledon by likening it to that of a "knife fighter." Alex was extremely hurt by the comparison, flattering as it was intended.

ALEX THE INSULTED

As to the clay-court incident in Chicago, it is significant that it all began with Olmedo showing up at the gate and being unrecognized by the gateman. Olmedo returned to his hotel and refused to play that day in spite of the fact that this left four matches to be made up the next day. "Alex would rather get beaten than insulted," explains a fellow player.

Olmedo is still smoldering about the incident. He did not want to play in the clay-court tournament, and after Wimbledon he eagerly accepted an offer to play a tournament in Banstad, Sweden. His detractors hint this was because he was paid huge "expenses" to do so. The explanation is much more simple: Olmedo likes girls in general but Swedish girls in particular. It is a predilection not confined to tennis players.

Said Olmedo: "I go to Sweden because I like it. In Europe people treat you much better. I feel better over there because they know a player is a human being over there." He swept his hand around the tennis clubhouse he was in, which happened to be the Longwood Cricket Club at Brookline, Mass. "You see these kids? You know what they get on a hot day like this? One chit a day for a soft drink. That's all." He looked over to where Davis Cup Captain Perry Jones—murmuring harshly, "There's more heart-break than glory in this game"—was busily trying to find a tournament for young Chris Crawford to mark time in while awaiting the Nationals, which are late this year because of the Davis Cup challenge round. "He



STUNNED KING of amateur tennis, Perry Jones, was baffled by the strange Olmedo.

has to have a tournament, otherwise he cannot afford to remain in the East for the Nationals," explained Alex. "I have been through all this. I have washed dishes and carried out trash in houses where I have stayed.

"Now, when I got to Chicago for the clay courts, there was no welcome. They were unfriendly. This upset me after I had flown overnight and paid \$40 extra allowance on my baggage. And I did not want to come. That is the funny part of it. Mr. Jones and the sporting goods people persuaded me to come. Then the Chicago papers say, 'Alex Olmedo came to Chicago for dinner.' They are sarcastic. Then there is this cameraman who has 20 cameras strapped around his neck and he follows me everywhere. Then they make us shake hands with about 600 people, each one of them. My hand was completely tired. I had to play four matches in one day. When I play Abe Segal I am exhausted, mentally tired. The referee starts to make bad calls. I can see it is hopeless. My concentration came apart. Then I saw the officials move around and start to get excited. Now, I am an amateur. I don't get paid. I see the official behind the fence start the booing. I say to him, 'Oh, sure. It would have to be an official who would do this.'

"I know I did wrong, and I am sorry for it. But they don't understand my side of it. They only know the Davis Cup team is out of the tournament before the semifinals, and it costs them money."

Mentor Jones, who moved quickly to prevent his Davis Cup bellwether from being ruled off the courts for the misbehavior, also had to hold his ears at the renewed attacks on the Peruvian's presence on the U.S. Davis Cup team. "Alex qualifies legally, ethically and competitively," exclaimed Jones, pounding his fist. "Besides, we are the first ones who had a player from another country whom we developed.

"And I'll tell you something else: thanks to the impetus of Alex Olmedo, tennis is on the march in this country." Added the 71-year-old Jones: "I wish I were 10 years younger! Never have we had such a fine group of players. Under my leadership, conceded as it may be, tennis is on the march."

There is a live possibility it will have to march without Olmedo. The boy from Arequipa will almost surely turn professional this fall if he hits one of his peaks and wins the Nationals at Forest Hills. But he has already dumped Pro Promoter Jack Kramer's opening serve neatly back at his feet. Kramer, who has more than a half dozen touring professionals on his payroll, wanted Olmedo to join his troupe under the same terms that Australia's Ashley Cooper did—with \$100,000 guaranteed for three years but under constraint to play for it on a prize-money basis. To Alex this sounded suspiciously like doing dishes for his supper again. He would prefer a head-to-head tour with Gonzales and a quick killing financially, an idea which happens to suit Gonzales fine, too.

Kramer argues hoarsely that this would be suicidal not only for Alex but for pro tennis (i.e., Kramer), but a curiously illustrative incident occurred at an impasse in their negotiations when Kramer, exasperated, shouted at Olmedo: "Look, if you don't trust me, O.K. But isn't there someone you can trust to advise you?" Kramer says Alex looked at him sadly. And then he slowly shook his head.

Whether it is that he can't trust anyone, or that he won't, it seems clear that the arts and mysteries of "amateur" tennis have conspired to give young Olmedo a thoroughly confused set of values. A week or so ago he sat in a tennis clubhouse, Italian straw hat pushed back on his quill of hair, and allowed quietly: "The life of a tennis player is very hard. People think it is fun. It isn't." AND

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Toni Frissell

The seashore is a child's country

**The sea's soft edge belongs to the
young, and the only way they
lose their place in that shining,
protean realm between
the tides is by growing up**

WHERE DOES the land end and the water begin? It is a child's question and, as everyone knows, a child's question has no answer. But stand between tides and above children, as the sly, absorbed heron stands among minnows, and you will find the small empiricists at work. Those on the following pages happen to be in Bermuda where the mild, equable shore presents year-round opportunity for research, but they could be on almost any sunny coast.

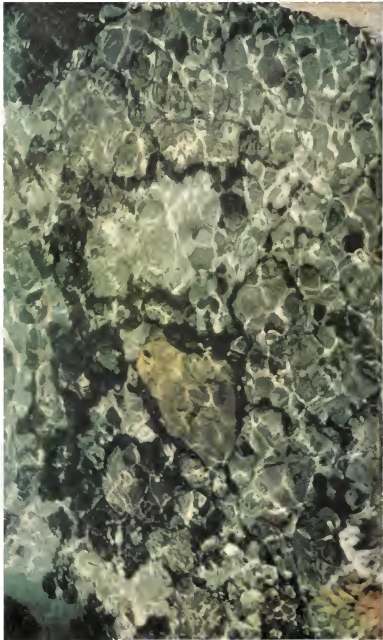
It is a child's question, vast and innocent as the sea's great vat, which a child once soberly explained he was going to dirty by throwing in a handful of sand. And it is a child's country, which is described by the water's soft, ambiguous edge, and it is bewildering to stand sentry there, unsuccessfully disguised as a heron, with your large white feet sticking out, to listen to (and wistfully try to recall) the wild laughter, the shrieks, the singular tuneless tunes children drone as they march in intent circles; and to watch them groping into their shadows for shells on the roily bottom or building improbable fortifications to keep the ocean where it belongs ("What are you doing?" "Building something." "What is it?" "I don't know.") or digging collapsible holes to China or tumbling with abandon in the shiny surf which is never cold or just sitting, nursing their knees, holding, perhaps a plastic luxury liner, frowning against the sun and regarding gravely the horizon.

The land ends and the water begins and this is a child's country and if you walk softly and listen closely you may share it for a while.

"Look at me, mommy, I'm a mermaid." With sargassum fantastically garlanded in their hair, two delighted girls model wacky, disorderly wigs of algae in a temperate pool at Horseshoe Bay.







"Don't talk, silly, you make bubbles." Paddling over the shallows at Flatts, the children see through their masks, in the queer, quivering light, the soft and ancient bottom, the quick fish, the slow passage of their shadows.



"I like the big ones because they push me back." A wave breaks in a marvelous shower on the natural wall at Horseshoe Bay, dousing the children, those solitary, rapt, noisy and innocent proprietors of the shore.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Enthusiasm vs. Experience

ALFRED WHIPPLE, 20, and Sidney Crouch, 21, lived for most of their lives barely three-quarters of a mile apart in Ledyard, Connecticut. They attended the same one-room grammar school; they graduated together from the same high school. Last week they died together on a mountain only a few hundred miles from home.

It was while watching *White Tower*, a film depicting the ascent of an Alpine peak, that Alfred and Sidney first got bitten by the climbing bug. Their enthusiasm grew with the conquest of Everest, and they read everything they could find describing Hillary's historic expedition. Before long they had acquired a mass of learning on the lore of mountain climbing. Unfortunately it was all book learning.

Last week, when young Whipple and Crouch set out to scale New Hampshire's 4,000-foot Profile Mountain, they were making their maiden ascent. Their equipment was improvised and inadequate: hiking boots rather than climber's shoes, large nails instead of steel pitons, less than 100 feet of cheap rope. The tragic result was all but inevitable.

The two friends, who died of exposure and fatigue on the bleak mountainside soon after a rescue party came to their aid, were mourned together in a double funeral service. "They were good hikers," said a friend in farewell, "but not climbers. They had studied the theory of climbing, but theory could not be substituted for the experience."

GA

KNOWN AS GA by its members, Gamblers Anonymous is the self-help organization of compulsive chance-takers. At a recent GA meet-

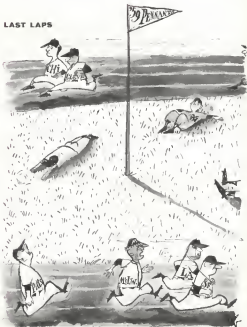
ing in the basement of St. Mark's Lutheran Church in San Francisco some 30 gamblers seeking the cure met with their wives, an anthropologist from Stanford University and four prison probation officers.

The guests sat in stiff, high-backed chairs, 10 to a row, four rows in all. At the head of the room was a card

table and sitting behind it was a man named Larry, the founder of the San Francisco chapter of GA. Larry introduced the visitors (the probation officers were invited by a GA named Joe who had served time in San Quentin for bad checks) and turned to the business at hand.

continued

LAST LAPS



BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS MUST BE CLEANED UP NOW

One of the most brazen frauds of modern times was perpetrated on the U.S. public last week when the world welterweight championship changed hands in Philadelphia. Only 7,909 attended the fiasco but its stench got into 10,000,000 homes through television. This makes the state of boxing a national concern, and it indicates the time has come for a federal investigation of the hoodlums who are ruining it

YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A ST. GEORGE

Despite a journalistic lifetime spent with its dragons this magazine still believes there is a white knight for boxing

Sirs:

Yesterday the Dragon was one James D. Norris and Cus D'Amato was St. George. Today? Why today Cus D'Amato is the Dragon and one Bill Rosensohn is St. George. Tomorrow the Dragon will be . . . well, you guess.

Arthur J. Jackson

Philadelphia

ON READING this letter last week, we were suddenly reminded of another—the famed letter from a little girl named Virginia asking the *New York Sun* for information about Santa Claus—and we will answer it in kind, for what Reader Jackson is really asking is: Do we still believe in dragons and do we still believe in St. George? And our answer is, overwhelmingly, yes.

We believe in dragons and we have been trying to get them out of prize-fighting virtually all of our publishing life, as the reproduction from an early issue (SI, Nov. 1, 1954) at the top of this page shows. We also believe in St. George but, like Reader Jackson, we can often recognize the

dragon more readily than the knight. Amid the blinding glare of the limelights and the clangor of money ringing in the tills, the two are not always readily distinguishable, and the one may often turn into the other. As Sports Columnist Arthur Daley pointed out in *The New York Times* last week the archdragon of them all, James D. Norris of the International Boxing Club, had a "matchless opportunity" to play saint. He was a rich man. "The chances are," wrote Daley, "that he doesn't even know his exact wealth. With his money and love for the sport, he could have cleaned it up. He never even tried."

The president of the IBC was our own first candidate for dragon-in-chief of boxing—a preference we made clear in December of 1954 under the heading, JIM NORRIS IS PART OF BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS, and in countless succeeding articles long and short. And long before his accession to the heavyweight championship we were proud and happy to hail the advent of a young knight whose flashing fists were to help pound the way to Norris' eventual undoing.

In the fullness of time, Floyd Patterson and the antitrust division of the United States Department of Justice proved too much for the Norris monopoly, and St. George's armor stood idle and empty in a corner of boxing's locker room. All eyes, including ours, turned then to the new champion's manager, Cus D'Amato, to see if he would put it on. Armed with the heavyweight championship—the most potent weapon in big-time boxing—Cus had the opportunity to fight the dragon of dirty business to a finish, and at one time it seemed as though he might do it. "Early in the game before Patterson won the title," wrote Marty Kane (SI, April 21, 1958), "the opinion around Stillman's Gym was that 'Cus is crazy.' By dropping his lance this Don Quixote from The Bronx could have made a quick and trouble-free fortune but he refused to do so. Nowadays the boys say Cus has guts." Cus doubtless had that, but he had also a curiously devious mind that claimed closer kinship to Napoleon and Machiavelli than to St. George. "Nothing ever changes," he mused one day to Kane. "Only our attitude toward things can change." And in the transition from outsider to man-in-the-saddle this potential St. George's attitude changed enough to

give him a startlingly dragonlike appearance in subsequent dealings with a new promoter and a new potential champion.

"The Norris organization," wrote Daley in the *Times*, "was clipped on monopoly charges, but at least it ran things in a professional manner. Into the vacuum of boxing plunged bungling amateurs. They have made it worse because the greedy racket guys still hold the control or scurry about under cover until they wrest them away."

Bill Rosensohn, who once described himself to our reporter as "a 38-year-old boy with a pencil in his hand" brought a new kind of Ivy League enthusiasm to boxing via Madison Avenue and new hope with it. But he lacked the experience, the acumen and, as it turned out, the basic courage to cope with the undercover crowd or to resist the blatant efforts of Gus D'Amato to keep himself on the gravy train regardless of who might unseat his champion. Last week, likening himself to a disillusioned Neville Chamberlain and looking very much the part on a TV and radio hookup, Bill Rosensohn, the St.-George-who-never-was, talked of the might-have-beens of his career as a big-time fight promoter and confessed to the cardinal sin of appeasement.

Rosensohn's confession by no means spelled a future of hopelessness for the sport of boxing. The awareness of pugilism's peccadilloes which we cited in the five-year-old headline above was being suddenly shared by a host of newcomers eager to join our once-lonely crusade.

First there was Governor Edmund (Pat) Brown of California, whose state played host to the championship Basilio-Fullmer fight and might well turn out to be the site of the next Johnson-Patterson bout.

"I am seriously considering recommending the abolishment of boxing in California," said Governor Brown, "unless there are some national laws on the subject. The whole thing smells to high heaven."

Close behind Brown was California Attorney General Stanley Mosk, who returned to his home state from some chats with New York law enforcement officials "more alarmed about boxing" than ever. On the other side of the nation the *New York Post's* editorial page urged Governor Nelson Rockefeller "to interest himself in this situation."

Then galloping down from Wash-

ington came Senator Estes Kefauver, an old pro at probing the underworld, to announce that his antimonopoly subcommittee is starting a special investigation of the fight game on a national scale.

On a somewhat lower level of national awareness there was Sports Columnist Jimmy Cannon, who announced with some bluntness that boxing "is the garbage dump of sports."

Most significant of all, perhaps, was the resounding voice of the good, gray *New York Times*, a paper which only last month had seemed editorially to wish a return to what it all but called "the good old days" of the International Boxing Club and Jim Norris.

"Boxing," wrote the *Times's* chief sports columnist, "is the slum area of sports. Maybe the time has come to destroy this slum."

We heartily welcome all these George-come-latelies to the fight, even though they seem determined to slay not the offending dragon but the outraged maiden. We ourselves cannot believe that the only way left to cure boxing is to kill it. There are plenty of decent, honest sports fans about who would like to see boxing thrive and flourish in an atmosphere of honest competition. We would like to be able to point out to Reader Jackson the single, sinful dragon who is holding the maiden in fief, and to cite for him the perfect gentle knight who will one day set her free. We doubt it will be so simple. Like the editorial writer who told Virginia about Santa Claus we are forced to seek refuge in a symbol, a symbol that is no less real because it is abstract. We hope that Virginia didn't stop believing in Santa Claus when she discovered that the seedy bell ringer on the Bowery street corner at Christmastime was not the real thing. Clean boxing has had some pretty seedy defenders, but the spirit of St. George is omnipresent in every man of good will, in every responsible official, in every truly dedicated athletic commissioner, in every indignant sportswriter and in every sports fan who seeks, as we do, to make championship boxing a clean sport instead of a dirty business.

Thus, our painful frustrations notwithstanding, we say again with the same firmness of tone:

BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS MUST BE CLEANED UP NOW

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

"The fellowship of Gamblers Anonymous is the outgrowth of a chance meeting between two men in 1957," said Larry. "These men had a truly baffling history of trouble and misery due to an obsession to gamble. They began to meet regularly and as the months passed neither returned to gambling. They concluded that in order to prevent a relapse it was necessary to bring about certain personality changes within themselves." The changes were brought about, Larry continued, when the two men enlisted other compulsive gamblers and adopted a program of interdependent help closely patterned after the successfully established Alcoholics Anonymous. Today GA has a membership of about 170, with five chapters in California and one in Las Vegas.

Perhaps, said Larry, it might be hard for a noncompulsive gambler, mildly acquainted with horse racing and Saturday night poker, to appreciate fully the work of Gamblers Anonymous. He would, therefore, call upon some of the gamblers and let their stories speak for themselves.

"I started gambling at 16 in high school," said Joe, now 36. "Matching coins—not nickels, dollars. I went to live with my grandmother, and I'd tell her stories and get her to sign blank checks for me. I took her for \$16,000." Joe gambled in the Navy, gambled when he should have been playing baseball in the old Class B Southeastern League, gambled wherever he went. "I'd play poker four nights and three days running," he said. "I wrote \$100,000 in bad checks and when I went to prison I spent my time making book. When I got out I got a job driving an ambulance in Oakland, but when they'd need me they couldn't find me because I'd be off in some card room."

"When I was 12 I would gamble on anything, even marbles," said Larry in his turn. "When I was 14 or 15 I went to work in a pool hall and gambled all the time. And before long I was a professional who cheated." After a hitch in the Army, Larry tried to settle down. "I got married and went to college. I wanted to be a writer. I wanted to get away from gambling."

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

But I couldn't. Five years ago I wrote a \$15 check on our joint account, the first money I ever hid from my wife. I put the money back in the bank before the statement came and it balanced. This led to a \$25 check, and I started having to cover for that." Eventually, Larry opened a secret bank account, borrowed from a loan company, forged his wife's name to sell their furniture, at length sold his house and his car. "Oddly," said Larry, "many of our friends thought we were an ideal young married couple and even came to us for advice." After five separations, Larry's wife went to her parents where a friend of her mother told her about GA.

At the end of the meeting, Larry and a few other GAs stepped outside to wait for a couple driving down from Redding, Calif. The man was a compulsive gambler, and his marriage was breaking up. "Maybe GA will be able to save it," said Larry. It seemed a good bet, but no one present offered to make book on it.

Sleepy Time Guys

WARREN GIESE of the University of South Carolina Gamecocks is a coach who is patently not content to leave well enough alone. At one time or another he has solicited the

aid of closed circuit TV and Polaroid slides to beef up his team. Last week, after exhaustive tests, he announced that the thick, juicy steaks formerly fed to his footballers before each game were not providing enough pep. Henceforth, said Coach Giese, the Gamecocks will get a tasty glass of pure glucose instead. "We'll flavor it with something," the coach said in an offhand way, "to make it palatable."

And, as if it were not enough to supervise their diet, the coach plans to invade his quarterbacks' dreams



as well. Each night his voice will softly preach proper football strategy through a special microphone placed under the pillows of his key men. The gadget is Dormaphone, an electronic bedfellow which has spent most of its career teaching foreign languages. Giese has tried it on himself and, apparently pleased with his own progress, he will use the \$500 apparatus on his lieutenants this fall.

"We've had one for two months," said Giese, "and I am convinced that

it is valuable. We have lost two games in the past three years because our quarterbacks didn't remember a few simple rules. I'm going to try to implant the basic rules of the game in their minds during sleep. For instance, I'll tell them such things as: 'Kick on first down behind your own 10-yard line. Kick on second down behind your own 20. Kick on third down behind your own 30.' After they've listened to such instructions in their sleep for 15 minutes at a time, five times a night for a few weeks, I think the idea will be so soundly implanted in their minds they'll do the right things automatically."

Perhaps they will. Perhaps, on the other hand, they'll be so tired they'll just fall asleep.

Better than Baseball

It's a suffering sport," said one of the 170 bike racers assembled for the National Amateur Championships at Kenosha, Wisconsin the other day. "Your legs feel like wet noodles after a few laps around the track. There's no part of you that doesn't hurt."

"There has to be a little ball of guts inside you somewhere," said another. "And when you need it you've got to find it and use it."

"It's tougher than any sport," added Jim Rossi, a 23-year-old racer from Chicago who managed to qualify for the 1956 Olympics with one shoulder in a cast. The words were harsh and complaining, but they were spoken with the softness of a lover's endearments, for Jim and his colleagues were plainly in love with the sport they complained of so bitterly.

As it happened, Jim Rossi's trials and tribulations during the Kenosha meet more than justified his complaints. After taking bone-bruising spills in every one of the qualifying heats, he was badly enough injured in one of the championship races to be hauled off for repairs. (The championships are decided through point scoring based on four races: the 10-mile, the five, the two, the one.) But Jim bulldozed his way out of the first-aid station, rushed into the 10-mile race

continued

They Said It

JACK KRAMER, professional tennis impresario, on why he may chuck the whole business: "I feel I've been trying to climb a mountain and nobody really wants me to climb it. So I just may stop trying. Pretty soon now I won't be handling any more pro tours."

INGEMAN JORANSSON, explaining, in part, why he signed to defend his title against Floyd Patterson for Vincent J. Velilla and Irving B. Kahn, after publicly condemning them and their methods: "We have an agreement that if investigations show that anyone is illegal or a gangster he will be thrown out."

RAY JENKINS, Montana State football coach, essaying a prophecy: "We definitely will be improved this year. Last year we lost ten games. This year we only scheduled nine."

HANK GREENBERG, Chicago White Sox executive, on the third league: "I do not like to see those third-league people wander down an alley. They may have all the money they are reported to have. But they will not want to throw it down the drain."

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

and succeeded in picking up enough points to roll away with the 1939 national championship before a screaming, cheering crowd of 7,000.

In Europe, a top bicycle rider can earn up to \$80,000 a year, and 12,000,000 people may watch a single cross-country race. Riders in these countries are better known than statesmen or prelates, better known even than movie stars. But in the U.S. bike riding is a catch-as-catch-can business. "Over here," said Jim Rossi after his victory last week, "we amateurs can't even be sponsored. But tires cost \$20 a pair, and in a hard race you're lucky if they last two-thirds of a mile. A custom-made bike costs about \$150, and you need half a dozen or so. It costs each of us at least \$2,000 a season."

Rossi does his best to raise the money for his exacting mistress by working as a salesman for an oil burner company. Bob Pfarr, a three-time national champ who tied for third place at Kenosha, is the co-owner of a gasoline station. Somehow or other, they manage to find two to three hours a day for practice, either early in the morning or late at night. Pfarr, for example, works so late at the filling station that he's forced to cycle out by flashlight, find a truck doing 30 mph on the highway and sprint past in an attempt to keep up his wind.

Nevertheless, despite the hardships and drawbacks they seem to take such pleasure in citing, the cyclists gathered in Kenosha last week are unremittably true to their love, and the city itself seems to share their passion. Kenosha has been unabashedly cycle-happy since the early 1920s, perhaps because virtually all the big names of six-day bike racing once trained there. The Wisconsin city boasts one of the finest natural clay tracks in the country, with turns banked at only 15° to insure the maximum in thrills and spills, and the last few laps in every race are invariably fast and tight—with the riders sprinting from 30 to 40 mph—and the finishes are almost always close.

"This is the cleanest, toughest sport in the world," said one Kenosha bike fan last week. "It's better than baseball."

Snack Bar

A SMOOTH ocean floor, to a fish, is like a too-well-engineered thoroughway to a motorist—there's no place to stop for a snack. A small artificial reef of castaway rubble, however, will act like a single hot dog stand or Tower of Pizza, promptly attracting all sorts of stoppers. The rocks will collect free-swimming larvae. The larvae will attract the small fish which in turn will attract bigger fish which will attract still bigger fish which eat the small fish. And there you are—a thriving, hiving colony—perfect as far as the sportsman on the surface is concerned.

Sometime this month barges will dump loads of rubble for this kind of underwater snack bar on the smooth sandy bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, 15 miles south of Asbury Park, N.J. The man-made reef will serve also as a study hall for Paul E. Hamer, a fisheries biologist for the New Jersey Conservation Department. Hamer, a 34-year-old M.S. from Rutgers, began working with the state fish and game division on summers away from school, now works full time for the state. He says that there is nothing unusual about artificial reefs. Conservationists have been building them out of scrap automobiles and

refuse in a haphazard way since the 1920s, in California, Texas, Louisiana and Florida. The New Jersey project, however, may because of its careful preparation and supervision make a more exact science of the reef-building business.

A survey of the bottom at the 63-foot depth now reveals smooth sand, a few worms, some shells but very little life. The reef will be only five to 10 feet high so as not to present a navigational problem. Hamer expects that in summer the reef will attract schools of blackfish, sea bass and



porgies; in winter he prophesies whiting, hake, cod and pollack. An outside hope is for bluefish and tuna which may be drawn by the smaller fish. The fisherman will have to drop a line more than 50 feet unless the tuna and blues arrive. They swim at shallower depths.

While sportsmen are setting their lines and anticipating a fat catch, Hamer will be loading his camera and anticipating a richly rewarding before-and-after-type documentary of the ocean floor.

Wire Failure

YOU will win. You will play as you have never played before," the hired hypnotist of the Gloucester City amateur soccer team told the entranced players, who trotted out and obediently bent Merthyr Tydfil 3-1.

Hypnotist Henry Blythe was jubilant, foreseeing great improvement over the English team's 16th-place finish last season. Then, in a trance of his own perhaps, he missed the train to the next game.

"That Blythe spirit will be with you tonight just the same, so go out and win, win, win," the resourceful hypnotist wired the team at half time. But the magic somehow failed to carry over the wires. True to its old form, Gloucester City lost, lost, lost by 2-1 to Cambridge United. **END**



Plane and Fancy

This pilot skims trees and rooftops, And terrified people lie flat. He's licensed for flying solo, But surely not solo so that.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE SPORTS CUP RUNNETH OVER

SPORTS-LOVING Americans by the millions snatched their lips last weekend over one of the richest menus of sporting delicatessen that had been served up in years. Crowd after crowd, like that one in Cleveland pictured here, poured into stadiums to savor the excitement of two climaxing pennant races, an Olympic preview, a nerve-jarring Davis Cup finale, the first blood of a professional football season already assured of being one of the best ever and myriad lesser events.

Not even the sizzling heat that gripped the nation could curb the sporting appetite, and, lest the gulping fare prove too difficult for press-room digestion, the practical editors of the Associated Press warned all correspondents to hold down their wordage.

The scope of the sports fever which gripped the country was best seen at Los Angeles. At the massive athletic soup kitchen Angelenos call the Coliseum there was hardly time to eke the gates in the wake of 65,000-odd baseball fans leaving the game on Friday night before a like number of football huffs poured in to watch the Chicago Cardinals play the Los Angeles Rams in a football game on Saturday. Overnight, yard lines were hastily erased, goal posts torn down, cleat marks smoothed, and the baseball fans were back again.

In Cleveland another 165,000 fans were on hand to watch the White Sox sweeter through the hreath-taking Cleveland Indian summer. Meanwhile, back at the Sox' own ranch, 65,000 endured the heat of Soldier Field to watch the U.S. pile up a comfortable lead, as 2,200 hemisphere athletes vied in the Pan American games.

Thousands of spectators joined 2,400 participants at Vandalia, Ohio, where Trappehunter Arnold Riegger broke 1,422 straight clay pigeons; 20,000 saw Tompion win the Hopeful Stakes on a Saratoga Saturday; and yet another 15,000 were on hand when the Hamtramck, Mich. Little Leaguers won a Little World Series.

And if the crowds were smaller, the action was among the hottest at such diverse spots as Congressional Country Club, where Golfer Barbara McIntire put a four-leaf clover in her pocket and defeated Joanne Goodwin in the Women's Amateur; and Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, where Mickey Thompson drove an automobile 362 mph.

Photograph by Herb Scharfman



ONE BIG INNING FOR THE GIANTS . . .

SOME DAY, if San Francisco wins the 1959 pennant, people will remember the night of August 28 and, more particularly, the first inning of the game that evening between the Giants and the Dodgers at Los Angeles. It was over so quickly that fully one-third of the 66,068 fans who fought their way through frustrating freeway traffic to Memorial Coliseum arrived too late to be eyewitnesses of what happened. Whatever else is forgotten, this should be remembered: bone-weary, driven by raw desire and rare determination, the Giants met the challenge of a Dodger hall club which was healthy and rested. And the Giants destroyed the Dodgers 5-0. It was a frightful mismatch.

Resting comfortably in Los Angeles and gaining ground while they rested, the Dodgers had been reading accounts of San Francisco's four losses in five days, and the Dodgers chuckled in excited anticipation. How could they lose? Duke Snider and Gil Hodges were ready. Wally Moon was riding the crest of an 11-game hitting streak. And Don Drysdale, the Giant killer, mainstay of the Dodger staff, would be on the mound.

The Dodgers' reliance on Drysdale has been an insidious corollary to the team's success this season. When he is winning, he is calm and friendly. But when he is losing, he is mean and ornery. Last week, after a bad road trip Drysdale blasted his own team: "I'm getting sick and tired of writers quoting people on our ball club about what's wrong with Drysdale." Publicly, the Dodgers shrugged it off. Said Coach Pee Wee Reese: "Drysdale's not the kind who can lose a game and just forget it. He's got to do something, smash something. Maybe this will help. Maybe the rest of us will realize this is no high-school championship we're fighting for."

For a while it looked as though Drysdale's irascibility had helped. The normally affable Jim Gilliam, his features grim with concentration, turned angrily on a photographer who had asked him to smile, thundered: "When you put on this damn uniform, man, you don't smile!"

But then the game started and the Dodger bubble burst. Willie Mays doubled. Willie McCovey doubled. Orlando Cepeda doubled. Two runs. In the second inning Eddie Brossoud doubled. Sam Jones walked and Mays belted Drysdale's first pitch over the left-field screen. In two innings the game was over. Sam Jones coasted to a shutout.

Pee Wee Reese and the Dodgers apparently decided Drysdale's distraught hadn't helped after all. On a locker room bulletin board, under Drysdale's name, appeared a neatly lettered sign:

"To be seen, stand up. To be heard, speak up. To be appreciated, *shut up*."

Of course, if San Francisco loses the pennant, people will be more apt to remember the afternoon of August 30, when three errors by the Giants, two of them by the hitherto heroic Willie McCovey, gave a 7-6 win to the Dodgers. It was a miserable display, but it served to show the pessimistic Angelinos that the pennant still remained to be won—or lost.

—CHARLES FAHNTY

GLEEFUL GRIN AND HAPPY HANGCLASP FROM MANAGER BILL RIGNY GREET SAM



... FOUR BIG GAMES FOR THE SOX

IN THE INNOCENCE of early spring, Al Lopez, the manager of the Chicago White Sox, believed that beating the Yankees meant winning the pennant. So did everyone else. But as summer burned its way toward fall, it became clear that Lopez, and everyone else, had been wrong. The White Sox, after years of trying, had finally beaten the Yankees, but the pennant

was not yet theirs. Cleveland, too, had beaten the Yankees and was pressing Chicago hard. Last week, with the White Sox leading the Indians by a game and a half, the two teams met in Cleveland for a four-game series, the most important games of the season thus far.

Despite the protests of the players, coaches and managers that there was

nothing necessarily crucial about the series, baseball fans from all over the Midwest crammed into overheated Cleveland. Hotel lobbies swarmed with humanity. Room clerks squarried about like nervous ants while whole families waited impatiently in line. ("Martha, the man says there aren't any more rooms with air conditioning. . . . But, Martha, all the other hotels are full.")

The switchboard at Municipal Stadium buzzed incessantly on Friday, the day of the first game.

"It's been lit up like a Christmas tree since early morning," said one girl, sneaking a quick puff on a cigarette. Then she returned to her work. "No, sir. The only seats we have are in the outfield. Out near Minnie Minoso and Rocky Colavito."

The afternoon papers ran preseries stories on Page One. Both managers were quoted as saying they'd play the games one at a time.

"Just once," said Joe Falls of the *Detroit Times*, "I'd like to hear a manager say he's going to play them three at a time."

One paper carried a picture of Luis Aparicio, baseball's leading basestealer, being manacled by a pair of Cleveland cops. Another paper ran a cartoon showing Aparicio and Nellie Fox, dressed like Chicago gangsters, complete with sawed-off shotguns, being driven toward Municipal Stadium in a black sedan.

At 5 p.m. on Friday, three hours before game time, the first fans began to arrive, strolling down West 3rd Street, which leads from the center of town to the ball park and Lake Erie. Vendors along the way offered plastic Indians and mechanical cats that meowed and rolled over.

Both teams appeared on the field early. While the Indians took batting practice, the Sox lolled about in their dugout and in the box seats near by, reflecting casual confidence. Occasionally they yelled insults at the Indians. The Indians yelled back.

Inside the Chicago dressing room, Al Lopez answered the questions of a half dozen reporters.

"You nervous before this crucial series, Al?" one of them asked.

Lopez looked at the man. "Why should I be nervous?"

Joe Gordon, Cleveland's manager, was also answering questions. Yes, he thought Cleveland could win. Of course he did. All the Indians had to do was play steady ball, the same as

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JONES AS GIANT PITCHER LEAVES FIELD AFTER SHUTTING OUT THE DODGERS 5-0



VICTORY ACCORDING TO PLAN A

THE finest fight of Gene Fullmer's life, surpassing by far even his title-winning victory over Sugar Ray Robinson, was fought the other night in San Francisco's Cow Palace. With skill astonishing in one who hitherto had been disparaged as a mere clumsy brawler, the Mormon from Utah roundly trounced gallant Carmen Basilio, another ex-champion who had won and lost to Sugar Ray. In doing so, Fullmer girded himself with the National Boxing Association's middleweight championship belt—the first such trophy the NBA has ever awarded.

Fullmer did it with a style he has never before displayed—a retreating jab-and-shift, pause-and-hook rigadon that the vainly chasing Basilio never was able to keep step with. Fullmer, to be sure, executed these moves not gracefully but only effectively, yet so well that one of the judges awarded Carmen only the sixth round. The end came in the 14th, with Basilio—his legs and wind all but gone, his fight-ravaged face ruddy from minor cuts, his left eye beginning to puff—supported by the ropes and only a punch away from his first trip to the canvas. Because he was resting on the ropes it was, in fact, scored as a knockdown, but Carmen still can quibble that he never has been truly felled.

A smashing overhand right did him in. At that point it was perfectly obvious, as it had been for several rounds, that Carmen had no chance to win, either on points or by knockout. For the steam was long gone from his punches. Carmen's corner knew it, and during the preceding rest period it had, in fact, decided to end the fight if its man got into serious trouble. Now the man was on the brink of the worst moment of his career, and Trainer Angelo Dundee started through the ropes, shouting at Referee Downey to stop it just as Downey began a count, then changed his mind and signaled the end of the fight.

Basilio, a champion in his soul for-

ever, protested to the referee. Later, heartbroken in his dressing room, he insisted that he had only pretended to stagger under the blow in order to entice Fullmer into punching range. It was a brave man's rationalization, not to be laughed at.

There is every good chance that this was Basilio's last fight, though Champion Fullmer instantly offered a return bout. Basilio wants time to think the offer over. He has endured grave punishment in his fights with Robinson and Tony DeMarco, and again in this one. He is 32 years old. He does not need money. He has good reason to retire now.

Fullmer's best alternatives are fights with Sugar Ray and Spider Webb, but any Fullmer-Robinson fight must first be preceded by a bitter row over division of the spoils. It ruffles Fullmer that Robinson forced him to fight for a mere 12½% of the gate, with no share in television money. Gene's manager, Merv Jensen, said grimly that he was willing now to give 12½% to Robinson. Fullmer suggested that, since he is recognized as champion in 48 states and Robinson only in New York and Massachusetts, they might divide the purse on a 48-to-2 basis.

This means that there will be no Fullmer-Robinson match. Besides, the probabilities are that Sugar Ray wants only an Archie Moore fight.

Thus, it seems that Spider Webb, even though Fullmer has beaten him, soon will have his try at the middleweight title. Webb was at ringside to study the situation. At one point he observed shrewdly that Fullmer was forcing Basilio to fight the way he wanted him to. Any fighter but Basilio might have shifted tactics, but Basilio, though he practices running backward in the gym, never has been seen to do it in the ring. In battle he knows only how to charge and slug. Fullmer's tactics took full advantage of this.

The Fullmer tactic was known in

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MERCIFULLY RESTRAINING AN ANGUISHED



BASILIO AND WAVINK FULLER OFF, REFEREE JACK DOWNEY STOPS MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT AT 0:30 OF 14TH ROUND



THE FLAGS OF 34 WESTERN HEMISPHERE NATIONS COMPETING IN PAN AMERICAN GAMES FLY BEFORE BIG SHIRTSLEEVED

MISS DIMPLES WINS THE CUP

BARBARA MCINTIRE, a freshly attractive girl of 24 from Lake Park, Fla., became the 39th women's amateur golf champion in hot and humid Washington last week. She defeated the defending champion, Anne Quast, after two extra holes of an exciting quarter-finals match and then scored a final round 4 and 3 victory over Joanne Goodwin, the pretty 23-year-old daughter of a Haverhill, Mass. professional. In winning, the charmingly dimpled Barbara achieved an ambition that had eluded her in nine previous attempts.

When Barbara met Joanne in their 36-hole final it was the climax to a week of wonderfully savage competition in which 20 matches had ended on the 18th green and 13 had gone into extra holes. In the morning both played sharp golf, but Barbara, on the basis of longer hitting and a surer short game, took a one-hole lead. After lunch Joanne suddenly began

to spray her shots off line, and Barbara, hitting the ball with increasing assurance, sped to a 4-up lead after 26 holes and then matched Joanne's pars on the final seven holes. Joanne, with her cross-handed putting grip, made a brave attempt to get even, going for birdie putts of 13, 14, 9, 12, 7 and 10 feet on the last six holes; but she missed them all to find herself the runner-up in an important tournament for the fourth time this year.

Two dramatic matches attracted particular attention during the earlier rounds of the tournament. Jo Anne Gunderson, who had won this championship in 1957 when she was only 18, came to Washington as a strong co-favorite, along with Miss Quast, the defending champion. She sailed easily through her early matches, but on Tuesday she began feeling lightheaded from the heat, went to bed with a headache and slept less than four hours. She felt no

better the next day and late that afternoon reached the end of her physical reserves. Her concentration vanished abruptly during her fourth-round match with Mrs. Rosann Klimefelter, and she began hitting one terrible shot after another. She finally lost the match one down.

The following day Miss Quast was also humped from the competition. Coming to the 18th in her quarter-final match with Barbara McIntire, Anne needed only to halve the hole, a par 3 of 157 yards across an artificial lake, for a victory. But she sliced her tee shot so badly that it ricocheted off the right-hand bank of the green and kicked into deep grass. She lost the hole to Miss McIntire's par, and lost her crown 25 minutes later when she hogged the par-3 29th hole, missing a six-foot putt, while Miss McIntire once again earned a par and went on from there to become the new champion.

FLAGS AND DOVES FLY OVER CHICAGO



CROWD IN CHICAGO'S SOLDIER FIELD

IT WAS muggy and hot in Chicago on Thursday when the Pan American Games opened before a crowd of 40,000 people, with the flags of 24 nations and 5,000 doves (released en masse for the occasion) flying. On Friday the clouds blew in gray and fat and full of rain, but in Soldier Field the athletes ignored the weather and began 11 days of competition. Harold Connolly, the hammer thrower, lost a quarter inch from his winning throw when it was officially surveyed, fell into a first-place tie because of the missing quarter inch, and then into second place because of a technical ruling governing ties.

On Saturday, Greg Bell, the broad jumper who "psyched" his way to victory over the Russians in Philadelphia in July, was psyched himself. He lost proper cadence on his approach, ran off the runway, leaped from a bad angle and fouled his jump.

He was never in contention thereafter. Irvin Roberson turned in a superlative leap of 26 feet 2 inches to beat Bell easily. Don Bragg, the Tarzan of the pole vault, wore a blister in his heel looking for transportation to the athletes' quarters but recovered to win the vault by a full foot.

On Sunday, competition suddenly heightened to a fine dramatic pitch in two superb races. Tom Murphy, hampered by a slow pace, bolted to the lead earlier than he had intended in the 800-meter race but had strength enough to hold off the West Indies' George Kerr by inches. Bill Dellinger, running 15 yards behind throughout most of the 5,000-meter run, charged Oswaldo Suarez of Argentina with a lap to go, and the two raced the last 400 meters like sprinters, with Dellinger getting to the tape first. But it would be more than a week before anyone would tote up the medals.

VICTOR BARBARA McINTIRE LEADS VANQUISHED JOANNE GOODWIN OFF FINAL GREEN. RIGHT, BARBARA ACCEPTS WINNER'S TROPHY



THE FAIR SEX AND THE SEA

ONCE EACH YEAR the fairest women sailors in the land vie with each other for the Adams Cup, to decide who sails fairest and fastest of them all. This year it proved to be Allegra Mertz (*right*) of Rye, N.Y.'s American Yacht Club, where the racing took place. (Allegra thus added to a reputation fully as formidable among women sailors as that of her brother Arthur Knapp, is among the men.) The girls came from Florida, Maine, Virginia, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York and Washington. Before Allegra won the Adams Cup (it was her third) the big 210 hulls had to slice through 53 miles of race course. Races started at 9 and finished at 5, and included all the usual mishaps (*see below*). What with the 210s cutting up the water outside American Y.C. all day, there was very little room left for nautical meandering by male species of any kind. But at least one daring and presumably male 5' 2-foot shark got in the way of the Seattle girls' boat and was promptly rammed. He disappeared and left Long Island Sound to the girls.

Photographs by Hans Knopf



SKIPPER MERTZ WON FIRST NORTH AMERICAN TITLE IN 1980



FLORIDA CREW ANXIOUSLY LOWERS COSTLY MAINSAIL TO CHECK DAMAGED BATTEN POCKETS BEFORE START OF THE FIRST RACE



MAINE'S SUE WALBRIDGE CATCHES A CATNAP IN THE SUN ON BOAT'S FOREDECK DURING A BREAK BETWEEN ADAMS CUP RACES



SMILING SEATTLEITES share joke while waiting on lawn of yacht club for race-committee official luncheon to take them out to their boats.



FLORIDA QUARTET, led by Skipper Pat Duane (left), were runners-up to team from American after three days' racing.

SKIPPERS AND CREWS PARADE DOWN GANGPLANK IN EARLY MORNING, CARRYING THEIR SAILS WITH THEM TO THE RACING HULLS



ILLUSTRATION: WORLD WIDE



WATERY WHITE TORNADO

Photograph by John DeMott for The New York Times



Racing toward you here at something over 104 mph and throwing a watery white tornado into the air with her prop is *Miss Superfast III*, Canada's entry in the Harmsworth Trophy, emblem of international motorboat racing supremacy. Somewhere back of that tornado is the American boat *Maverick* that was supposed to make the 12th consecutive successful U.S.

defense of the coveted cup. *Maverick* didn't quite make it. *Miss Superfast III*, driven by Robert Hayward, a Canadian chicken farmer, and owned by J. Gordon Thompson and Jan Thompson of London, Ont., broke the U.S. grip on the trophy for the first time since 1925 when famed Gar Wood won it from England. Said Gar (now 78), "We held it too long."

Viva the Admiral, Fanático Grande!

With the help of San Juan's lady mayor, the commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier brings baseball to small fry of Puerto Rico, roots them on to the Latin-American title

by GERALD HOLLAND

BY DEFEATING Venezuela, Puerto Rico won the Little League championship of Latin America and the right to participate in the Little League's World Series last week at Williamsport, Pa. Meanwhile, the Chicago White Sox continued in the thick of the fight for the American League pennant. These two apparently unrelated events represent a very special kind of fulfillment for a certain ex-score-card-salesman and frustrated third baseman named Daniel V. Gallery, a lean and puckish 58-year-old rear admiral of the United States Navy.

For one thing, Admiral Gallery, as

commandant of the 10th Naval District and commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, with headquarters in San Juan, is responsible for introducing official Little League baseball to Puerto Rico and, for a second thing, he has been trying to root, hee, hoo-wink and holler the White Sox into a pennant for 40 years, ever since they won their last one in 1919. It was for the Sox that he sold score cards as a boy; it was for the Sox that he once participated in a scheme to steal signals with a powerful telescope hidden behind the scoreboard; it was in appreciation of his long years of devotion that the Sox presented him with

a home plate inscribed: "Stolen by Admiral Dan Gallery at Comiskey Park."

Indeed, baseball has insinuated itself into few lives as thoroughly as into that of Admiral Gallery. This is a considerable feat of penetration, since the admiral's waking moments are crowded not only with the concerns of his command (the first monkey shot into outer space were recovered by a Navy task force known as Gallery's Outfielders) but with such other demanding interests as a lively and worldwide correspondence, the writing of books, short stories and scientific papers on such subjects as the aerodynamics of the pitched baseball (SI, April 15, 1957), and the sponsorship of one of the most startling musical organizations the U.S. Navy has ever seen. This last is known as a steel band (most of the instruments are old oil casks cut to various sizes), and it is Gallery's personal refinement of a similarly equipped native band he once heard in Trinidad. The Gallery band, which has appeared on Ed Sullivan's television show and at the Brussels World's Fair, is currently on tour in Hawaii.

But in Puerto Rico, Gallery stands first for baseball. The admiral is revered by the hundreds upon hundreds of kids he has brought into the Little Leagues and by their parents and, most especially, by the police and priests who serve the vast slum area of San Juan known as El Fanguito, the Little Mudhole. In cooperation with El Fanguito's pastor and Doña Felisa Rancón de Gautier, San Juan's lady mayor, Gallery has been responsible for the organization of seven teams in this underprivileged section of the city. The behavior of the boys from the slums has been exemplary from the start. Admiral Gallery and his associates, as a matter of fact, have had to step in and enforce

HAIL TO HAMTRAMCK

If Puerto Rico had its troubles against Hamtramck, Mich., in the Little League World Series last week (it lost 5-0), so did everybody else who played them. And the two principal reasons were Arthur "Pinky" Denas and Gregory Pniwski. Frog in his first ball at up to 70 mph in the final with Auburn, Calif., Denas, 13, struck out 14 batters and cracked a three-run homer in a six-inning, 12-0 rout. Then, hoarse with victory, he scooped up his catcher, the 94-pound Pniwski, who had not only contained his blistering pitches but had driven in four runs as well.





OPENING CEREMONY - stars admiral, about to leap for catch of first ball as thrown by Doña Felisa, mayor of the city of San

Juan, before start of the big game with Venezuela for the Little League championship of Latin America and bid to World Series.

just one rule in El Fanguito. They had to insist that the boys wear their uniforms only on the day of a game. The kids, unaccustomed to such finery, proudly wore them everywhere every day.

"The main object of the Little League program," Admiral Gallery was saying in the living room of his quarters recently, "is to try to make better citizens of the kids and teach them discipline, respect for authority and for the rules. Because of the Latin temperament of the managers and coaches this isn't always easy. They hate like the devil to lose and are apt to behave like hoodlums and set a bad example for the kids when they're losing. The kids automatically follow the example of the grown-ups. I've seen teams from El Fanguito behave like little gentlemen when they lost because their managers and coaches did. I've seen kids from high-class residential sections behave like Cuban revolutionaries because their managers did. This is a hard thing to control because it's just part of the Latin American temperament."

Admiral Gallery chuckled. "I just

remembered something about that," he said. "I was sitting in the stands one day with Doña Felisa. Now she's all wrapped up in Little League baseball and would do anything to help it along. Well, anyway, this day there was a rhubarb of some kind and a lot of yammering in Spanish and I turned to Doña Felisa and said quite seriously, 'Do you think it would be possible to hold classes and teach these people to cuss in English so I could understand what they're yelling at the umpires?' Doña Felisa was a little thrown by that, but she sensed it was a request in behalf of Little League baseball and so, after hesitating just a few seconds, she nodded emphatically and said, 'Admiral, it shall be done!'"

SPREADING THE GOSPEL

It probably could have been done, too, if Doña Felisa had put her mind to it, for she has been of inestimable assistance in Admiral Gallery's spreading of the Little League gospel. When he first reported for duty at San Juan there were only eight kid teams playing baseball, and these

were without Little League associations. By May 1958, with Doña Felisa's help, Admiral Gallery had personally sought out financial backers, increased the number of teams to 18 and had obtained official Little League sanction after making a pilgrimage to Williamsport headquarters. At the opening of the season this year there were 24 official leagues with a total of 100 teams. Twenty of the leagues are concentrated in the San Juan area, which has a population of about half a million, but next year it is expected that every part of the island will be represented.

To this end, Admiral Gallery overlooks no opportunity to win over potential backers of Little League teams. Just before the Latin American playoff he had occasion to fly to Aguadilla on the other end of the island to serve as honorary judge of some outboard races there. A sudden thunderstorm delayed the races and Admiral Gallery seized the opportunity to address his hosts on the subject of organizing and outfitting Little League teams. "I'll come down

continued

here and make speeches to any group that's interested any time you say." The hosts were impressed and promised to get to work immediately. Then, it seemed almost on a given cue, a band of strolling players hurried into the pavilion, lined up before Admiral and Mrs. Gallery and played and sang what appeared to be a calypso number especially composed in their honor. The fact that it turned out to be a singing commercial for a local beer did not in any way detract from the warmth of the occasion.

Another member of the admiral's party at Aguadilla was his 3-year-old granddaughter, Debby Meyer. Debby, as a confidante of the admiral, has acquired a considerable baseball and Navy vocabulary. On the flight down, she had recognized the admiral's Convair as a plane she had flown in before. "This plane," remarked Debby, "flew a jug." The admiral nodded. The plane had, indeed, blown a jug, that is, lost an engine, during Debby's last flight. "Why," she asked her grandfather, "did this plane blow a jug?" The admiral, as he might to an officer of equal rank, replied, "The engine swallowed a valve and began to chew itself up." Debby nodded understandingly and said, "Oh." There were no further questions on that point.

THE MYSTERIOUS MORGAN

Admiral Gallery finds support for the Little League idea in stranger places than Aguadilla. He has a correspondent, whom he has never met, named Morgan. Morgan writes from various parts of the world to challenge certain published views of the admiral and opens his letters with such remarks as, "You, sir, are a liar and a fraud." Recently Morgan read of Gallery's Little League activities, wrote a hearty endorsement and enclosed a check for \$50. "I am forced to make out this check to you personally, sir," he said, "because I do not know where else to send it. However, I am sure that the chances are 3-to-1 that you will put it in your own pocket." Admiral Gallery promptly replied that the odds were worse than that, at least 10-to-1, "but [he wrote] you have brought in a long shot, I am turning the check over to the Little League."

In this letter to the mysterious Morgan, Admiral Gallery wrote a concluding paragraph: "There was

once a pirate named Morgan who operated in the waters presently under my command. He left a great many descendants, and I am convinced that you, sir, are one of them."

In a postscript Gallery added: "Morgan the pirate never married."

With even Morgan getting into



TRADING SECRETS, admiral huddles with 3-year-old granddaughter, Debby Meyer, who accompanied him on an airborne mission for the Little League.

the baseball act. Admiral Gallery is rarely out of touch with the fortunes of his Little Leagues or of his beloved White Sox. On the evening that the Venezuelan team arrived at San Juan's airport the admiral was on hand early to greet the visitors. While he waited, with members of the championship Caparra team, an aide would present himself from time to time, salute smartly and deliver, in

a low voice, what would appear to be a message of a classified nature. However, it turned out, he was communicating the score by innings of a double-header the Sox happened to be playing. A San Juan newspaper once named Gallery *El Favorito del Año* (The Fave of the Year).

The Latin American championship, Gallery was distressed to learn shortly after the Venezuela team arrived, was to be decided by a single, "sudden death" game. He considered this to be an unfair test of the teams and especially hard on the visitors who had traveled so far. He put in a telephone call to Little League headquarters at Williamsport and argued vigorously for a two-out-of-three series. But headquarters would not budge an inch.

All that had been forgotten when the day of the big game for the Latin American title arrived. A crowd of 5,000 (larger than the average at the San Juan professional games) turned out, a hand played and the first ball was pitched by Dofia Felisa to Admiral Gallery, who—the starch crackling in his white uniform—had to leap high in the air to get it. His agility made it difficult to believe that this was the onetime third baseman who couldn't make the team at St. Ignatius High in Chicago or at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Admiral Gallery was shamelessly partisan throughout the game, which turned into an extra-inning thriller, with a long triple by Angel Davila Jr., son of the manager, setting the stage for Puerto Rico's winning run in the last of the seventh. As the crowd swarmed over the field Dofia Felisa made a pretty speech in Spanish, a man grabbed the microphone and led *coros* "for Almirante Golarez." The admiral, responding, said, "Next stop is Williamsport, where we play for the world championship."

Alas, Puerto Rico's hour of glory was soon behind it. A fast-balling right-hander of the Hamtramck, Mich. team struck out 17 of them at Williamsport, came within one out of a no-hitter to win 5-0.

In commenting on this defeat of his Puerto Rican Little Leaguers, Admiral Gallery—who had flown up to see the game—took refuge in the philosophy that has never failed to sustain him through 40 years of unswerving devotion to the Chicago White Sox. "You can't," he said, "win 'em all." END

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LUNCHEON ON THE "MORNING STAR"

With their boat anchored off Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benoist and guest Clarence S. Postley (left) enjoy a meal in the sunshine on deck. Dish in foreground is red snapper Seven Seas.

An epicure afloat

Louis Benoist of San Francisco tells how to dine delightfully on a cruising yacht

ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO, shortly after the Louis Benoists had bought the 98-foot ketch *Morning Star*, her crew of paid hands mutinied while sailing the west coast of Mexico and left the new owners anchored off a strange little town full of men on horse-back, donkeys carrying loads of wood, colonial arches and the sound of church bells. The town was Puerto Vallarta. This nostalgic survival of Hispanic culture climbs the palm-jungly hills edging the Pacific at a point some 500 miles north of Acapulco. "That landfall was the luckiest thing that ever happened to us," Louis Benoist says. "We found a hotel on the waterfront and liked it so much that I bought it next morning." The Hotel Oceano is now a small paradise with ravishing food; Mexicana Airlines flies into a local airfield; and the Benoists own not one but two *sportos* in an old palace on the hill.

The incident—and the quick decision which proved so right—is typical of the man whose many friends deeply admire his combination of taste and business acumen. President of the Lawrence Warehouse Company of San Francisco and owner of Almadén, one of the more celebrated California vineyards, Benoist is a descendant of French aristocrats, from whom he presumably inherited his talent for the enjoyment of living. (His ancestor who emigrated to Canada, the Chevalier Benoist, was court painter to Louis XIV.) He and his accomplished wife Katharine have for years enjoyed the reputation of being superb hosts. In different parts of California they maintain five houses, in each of which they offer friends a different type of cuisine. Their plan of life is unique: a flying circuit, according to season, touching these residences in turn, occasionally varied by a trip east or to Mexico in their private plane.

When the *Morning Star* is in southern waters and a cruise is planned, the Benoists often fly with their guests to Mazatlán, board the boat there and then sail leisurely along the Mexican coast to Puerto Vallarta and other ports of call. Thus they manage to arrive at the boat with a number of precooked delicacies transported from a home kitchen. For the rest, Louis has evolved a ship-board menu which is simplified but nevertheless affords a great variety of dishes that are fresh-tasting and delicious.

Like most cruising yachts of large size, the *Morning Star* has a stove with an oven, an electric refrigerator and a freezer locker. "Nevertheless, space is limited and keeping qualities have to be emphasized," says Benoist, "as well as maximum use of fresh items which can be picked up in various seaports. I have found that

in order to maintain one's waistline equilibrium a good deal of attention must be paid to the fare, and we have tried to keep on the protein side.

"Breakfast is very light and limited to fruit—mainly grapefruit, which is most practical on board—and English muffins or French bread, which store exceptionally well in the icebox; also eggs, which keep well. As to luncheon, we stick mostly to sea food salads or chicken or squab, which can be brought aboard already prepared and will last several days." If the crayfish of the rivers or the sea shrimp or the long-tentacled Mexican lobsters are in the market at Mazatlán, they are bought there to be cooked on board and provide marvelous luncheon fare. Dessert is usually a bowl of raw fruit served with a Monterey Jack cheese.

Dinner often starts with a canned soup, hot or jellied, or perhaps California celery hearts or jumbo white asparagus—these, too, out of a can—drained, rinsed and dressed with a fresh-made vinaigrette sauce. The main dish has usually been caught on the jig lines that day, for these waters abound in edible fish and the *Morning Star's* Filipino chef, Casiano Noriega Padua, better known as Mike, knows many delightful ways of preparing them (see recipe below). But also on hand are the makings of beef and kidney pie, chicken curry, broiled spareribs, etc. One rough weather specialty is a good beef stew out of a tin; other staples for emergencies include canned shad roe and canned bacon. A favorite dessert, which Louis Benoist describes as a cinch to make, is a fruit ice. His formula: "Just take the juice of fresh orange, lemon or lime, add water and sugar, and put it in the freezer until half frozen. Then stir in the beaten white of one egg and complete the freezing. Serve with a little Cointreau and kirsch."

RED SNAPPER SEVEN SEAS

As prepared by Mike, chef on the Morning Star, for a 10-pound fish. The recipe is used also for dolphin.

1 10-pound red snapper	1 piece fresh ginger root, size of an egg, sliced thin
1 head celery, chopped medium fine	3 slices bacon
4 small, strong white onions, coarsely chopped	1/2 cup tomato juice
1 lemon, sliced thin	1 cup red wine
	salt and pepper

Clean the fish, but do not remove head and tail. Place in a buttered baking pan and cover with the chopped vegetables and the ginger. Lay the slices of lemon along the back. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; then place bacon slices diagonally over the fish. Pour over it 2 tablespoons tomato juice and 1 tablespoon red wine. Place in preheated 450° oven. After 15 minutes turn oven down to 350° and add remainder of tomato juice and wine. Cook for another half hour, basting very frequently. Serve with tartare sauce and cucumbers.

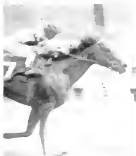
outside, and after I hit him on both sides he decided to do some running."

Some running he did, too. Turning for home, Vital Force had the race won. All Hands was ready to drop out of contention. As Tompion wheeled into the stretch on the outside, Shoe could see he had lots of ground to make up. "It looked like we were still out of it by four or five lengths at the eighth pole when he suddenly leveled off and turned on his speed." Tompion practically flew the last sixteenth and won going away in a good 1:17 2/5.

The rich 2-year-old stakes ahead, beginning with this week's Washington Park Futurity and winding up with the Pimlico Futurity on November 21, will, of course, provide ample opportunity for many another juvenile to earn both glory and money. The entire schedule of races for the division, however, has gotten so disproportionately out of whack in recent years that racing is now faced with a serious situation. Too many owners find themselves running against their better judgment in order to cash in on the richer stakes. And the stakes for 2-year-olds are getting richer; this season's Sapling and World's Playground stakes were both increased to \$100,000; next year in Chicago you'll find not one but two futurities increased in value to \$200,000.

All the excessive racing brought about by competition for these riches causes many potentially good horses to break down under the strain. Some of those who remain sound superficially can also be affected. For example, whatever may have caused

each year



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HORSE RACING *continued*

First Landing's kidney troubles this spring, one cannot help wondering to what extent his general resistance may have been affected by his grueling race in last year's Garden State. There may have been no connection whatsoever between that race and his troubles this year, but I can't help recalling now the words of one owner that day last fall immediately after the race: "Put a 2-year-old into a drive for half a mile on an off track and wait and see what kind of a 3-year-old he turns into."

The only sensible approach to fall 2-year-old racing is to pick two or three definite objectives and stick to them. This has been done for Tompon, whose last three races until 1960 will be the Cowdin on October 5; the Champagne on October 17; and the October 31 Garden State. After that, he's off to Santa Anita.

A lot of good and as yet untested 2-year-olds will be unveiled in the next two months. Some of them will undoubtedly put Tompon to an even sterner test than he faced in The Hopeful. If, however, he runs the way he did last week his name could be one to remember for quite some time.

And if you're wondering how or why a son of Tom Fool is given the name of Tompon you'd never guess in a million years. Last fall, when this colt was outshining his stablemates during the annual yearling trials at the Whitney Farm in Lexington, his owner found himself using the familiar phrase traditional among horsemen who have just timed an exceptionally fast workout: "He broke the clock." Some research on clocks and watches revealed to Whitney that one of the world's foremost clockmakers was an 18th century Englishman named Tom Tompon.

"I really must be pretty lucky," said Whitney after Tompon's first major victory. "First I have all that success with my fillies, Silver Spoon and Bug Brush, and just as soon as they lose form I come up with a colt like this." He looked up the track as Tompon was being led away. And, in a deadly serious tone, he added, "This colt finishes like a real runner. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't the best colt I've owned since Equipoise."

Incidentally, Equipoise, the old Chocolate Soldier, knew something about breaking clocks, too. **END**

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Autumn's Golden Quest

Photograph by Dan Weiner

AMONG the 14 million hunters who will go out this autumn very few will have less game to show for their pains than the pair at right gliding softly through the golden beauty of a Maryland marsh. Balanced on the slender bottom of a cedar skiff, they are searching out a rare and tiny target called the rail-bird. If they find him and flush him, he will fly quickly and very low for no more than 20 yards before he slips back into the tangle of butterweed flowers. If the hunter is quick enough to get a shot off and to hit him, the bird may be impossible to retrieve. And if the men do manage to get him back, he will cook down to no more than two shot-filled ounces. Why, then, do the hunters bother, when the bird is so small and the only tangible results from a shot may be the instantaneous loss of balance, followed by a pratfall into the weeds? The picture gives the answer: the magic of a salt marsh in September, when the wind is light from the northwest, the sky is autumn-clear, the only sound the rustle of reeds against the skiff. And for a very few precious days, when the butterweed blooms, the whole visible world glows a brilliant yellow gold.





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Tip from the Top

Relaxing on the drive

ONLY seasoned golfers appreciate the fact that the way to hit the ball longer is not to hit it harder but to hit it better. The average golfer doesn't quite believe this. He is all for turning on sheer muscular force. Watch him on the tee, and you will see him time after time making the same moves as he sets himself to blast an extra-long one: he widens his stance; he drops his right shoulder into what feels like a more power-producing position; as that shoulder moves lower the right arm and hand move down low with it. With these "adjustments" he has started to move off the ball and out of the correct balanced position at which all good swings are inaugurated.

No professional is merely indulging in persiflage when he states that most average golfers fail to get the distance they're capable of because they fail to take advantage of their natural abilities—timing and co-ordination. To do so, you must be genuinely relaxed as you start the stroke and let the various components swing into the swing smoothly and evenly. If you hurry the backswing you scramble your co-ordination. So start relaxed and stay relaxed. Keeping your head steady will help you in this. The swing revolves around the head. Then, as you go back, you can turn the hips and knees nice and easy and progress naturally from that point. Work for an integrated swing. Distance results from one and so does accuracy, without which distance is all too often a Pyrrhic victory.



Correct



Incorrect

NEXT TIP: Ruth Jensen on holding your head steady

THE CHAMPIONS TELL YOU HOW TO SELECT GOLF CLUBS

From a book by a popular and very successful champion golfer for more than twenty years

"Clubs must be fitted to the individual much in the same manner as is a suit of clothes."

The internationally known author of more than thirty books on golf says:

"Make sure that the clubs in your bag are the ones for you and not for somebody else. Unless you have the right clubs your swing is bound to suffer."

For over thirty-five years Kenneth Smith has been hand making clubs to order, tailoring them to each player's personal specifications and playing style. They fit him and him alone—and because they fit he can play relaxed, swing more easily, control shots better, get consistently lower scores. No other clubs are so carefully and expertly made.

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pipe tobacco
... try it



Absolutely different
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... try it





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

'I'd like some more'

My forthcoming trip to Palermo—where early in September committee members of the World Bridge Federation will discuss arrangements for next spring's World Bridge Olympiad—reminds me of an exciting hand I watched on my last European visit.

The occasion was the European championship at Oslo, when Italy won for the third successive year. The thumpings our American teams have absorbed from Italy during these years may have blinded us to the fact that Europe boasts at least two other powerful teams. In the last European championship both Great Britain and France put up such staunch fights that they were barely edged out by Italy.

It is perhaps significant that the British style is the very antithesis of the highly artificial methods used by Europe's current champions. In the deal of which I speak, Britain was dumped by one convention and saved by the disregard of another.

In the room where Great Britain held the North-South cards Alan Truscott, in fourth position, opened the

recommend it on this North holding. Though partner has passed, the hand has great potentialities for slam if partner is offered an opportunity to participate in the discussion. In fact, when the Italians held the hand in the other room . . . but of that, more anon.

It may be argued that Mr. Truscott was the victim of an unkind fate, not because diamonds were led—that was almost inevitable—but because the East and West holdings were not reversed. Had East held West's six-card suit, the normal lead of the diamond jack would have given declarer enough tricks to leave several over for the next deal. But East was on lead. He led the 4 of diamonds. West's ace dropped North's king, the defenders ran six tricks and Britain went off 200 points.

It was a fortunate thing for the British in the other room that they were not using (or rather abusing) the set of signals known as the suit-preference convention, enslavement to, or rather a misunderstanding of, which has cost its users a great many points. In that other room, by their customarily devious but devilishly accurate methods, the Italians arrived at their proper slam—in spades.

West opened the ace of diamonds, and East signaled with the 9. There is a certain group of convention mongers who would read this as a suit-preference signal, but I do not subscribe to that doctrine. The suit-preference convention, providing that the play of a high card calls for a shift to the higher-ranking side suit, applies only when it is clearly indicated that a shift is called for. There are many times when third hand wishes his partner to continue the suit he has opened, and the natural way to effect that is by the play of a high card. In some cases, it will be plain that third hand cannot desire a continuation, and then his discard will direct the shift.

In this case the defenders had a perfect understanding. East's play of the diamond 9 called for more of the same suit, and when the 7 of spades was used to ruff the diamond continuation, East was assured of a trump trick to beat the slam.

Collecting their 100-point penalty halved the British net loss on this deal. Had the British players been suit-preference fanatics, West would have shifted to hearts, which would have presented Italy with the slam.

EXTRA TRICK

The most successful conventions are the simple ones. Below "top expert" circles it is enough, when partner leads a suit, to have your low card say "Stop" and your high card shout "I'd like some more."

END



North hand with three no trump. Many British players use this opening bid as a strategic gamble with a hand that includes a long, solid minor suit. Without quarreling with this general strategy, we are not inclined to

BASEBALL: FOUR BIG GAMES

continued from page 21

they had played in their last eight games, all of which they had won. You can't make mistakes against the White Sox, Gordon said.

Game time had arrived. Municipal Stadium had filled and still there were people coming in.

"Standing room only," boomed a loudspeaker outside the stadium. There were fans in nearly every seat. They were packed in the outfield, between the wire fence and the permanent stands. They were in the aisles and on the ramps. They were loud. When the Cleveland lineup was announced, the noise drowned out neighborhood conversation. There were over 70,000 people on hand.

They saw a good game. The Indians tied the score at 3-3 in the fifth and had two men on base with one out. Tito Francona was up. Chicago's pitcher, Bob Shaw, looked very tired. His uniform was soaking wet. But he got Francona to pop up. That brought up Rocky Colavito, and surely Casey of Mudville never received such a roar. Rocky responded with a long drive, deep into the seats, but a few feet foul. Then he swung a third time, and this time he missed.

Shaw was never again in trouble,

In the seventh inning, Chicago's Sherm Lollar hit a long fly ball with two men on. Minnie Minoso had it, then bumped against the wire fence and the ball popped out of his glove and over the fence for a three-run home run. That was the game. The White Sox lead opened to 2½ games.

The next afternoon, with 50,000 people sitting in miserable heat, the game went six innings with no score. Jim Perry, Cleveland's fine rookie pitcher, had the White Sox in hand. Then in the seventh, with two out and the speedy Jim Landis on first, Earl Torgeson singled to left field. Minnie Minoso was anxious to hold Landis to second base and, in his haste, let the ball roll two feet behind him. That was all Landis needed. He never stopped at third and, although the play at home was close, Landis was safe. The Sox added a run in the eighth on another bit of sparkling base running, this time by the veteran Jim Rivera, and won 2-0. Dick Donovan pitched the shutout. The White Sox lead was now 3½ games.

The Cleveland dressing room, which had been surprisingly chipper after the Friday night loss, was like the inside of a coffin after Saturday's game. Players sat silently on their stools, talking only in whispers. The situation was critical. Nothing but

a double-header victory on Sunday could salvage the series.

On Sunday another huge crowd (more than 66,000) turned out, noisy and enthusiastic. Bat with Cleveland ahead 2-0 in the fifth, Chicago's tough old pitcher, Early Wynn, drove a home run deep to right field, and that undid the Indians. The White Sox scored four more runs that inning and went on to win 6-3. Their lead had grown to 4½ games.

When the lineups were read for the second game, there was hardly a murmur from the crowd. Chicago won easily, 9-4. One play summed up the game, and the series. With bases loaded and one out, White Sox Pitcher Barry Latman hit a long fly ball to right which Rocky Colavito caught over his shoulder, running away. Rocky stopped, turned, set and then threw to third base, conceding the run scoring from third in an attempt to get the man moving down from second. But the runner, Al Smith, way ahead of the throw, simply barreled around third and on into home to score. Two runs on a fly ball!

And so Chicago swept the four-game series and led the league by 5½ games. Now Al Loper had not only beaten the Yankees, he had just won the pennant.

—WALTER BINGHAM

BOXING: PLAN A

continued from page 22

his camp as Plan A. Two other plans were available to him, but he never needed them. Plan A is a basic, classical design in which the jab fends off an oncoming foe, the feet retreat just enough to prevent a body assault, the right is cocked for lethal use when needed and the hook is always ready to counter an opponent's errors. Basilio wanted to get in tight to weaken his heavier (159½ pounds to 166) adversary with body punishment but, as it happened, it was Fullmer who scored the most telling body blow—a violent body book in the ninth round that all but sickened Basilio. In this round the furious pace with which the fight began (few have ever seen a wilder first round in a championship fight) was clearly ended. What remained for Gene Fullmer was a systematic destruction of a fast-weakening opponent. Fullmer remained cool. He resisted the temptation to mix it with Basilio. Instead,

he destroyed him according to Plan A.

If Basilio wanted excuses for his showing he had some, but he made none. At 156 pounds he was the heaviest he has ever been, and this may have slowed him. More important, perhaps, he was upset by public disclosure that his co-managers, Joe Netro and Johnny DeJohn, had been contributing a slice of his purses to Gabe Genovese, recently convicted of serving as an undercover manager, and that all hands had been in more than seemly touch with Frankie Carbo, boxing's underworld boss. (To which the Basilio corner replies, "But isn't everybody?") The tough and ardent California boxing commission denied licenses to Netro and DeJohn, declared them technically ineligible for a share of Basilio's purse, barred them from appearing in Basilio's corner and even ousted them from Basilio's dressing room an hour before the fight. This last was a bit too much for Joe Netro, a stout and rather sentimental man. He wept. "That was the worst thing," said Johnny De-

John. "That was the loudest. They could at least have let us stay with the kid until he went into the ring."

So the fight went on amid threats by Governor Edmund G. Brown, a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, to ban boxing in California. It was not the healthiest atmosphere for a championship fight and the gate receipts showed it. What might have been a northern California record gate of \$206,000 dwindled to a gross \$140,535 paid by 10,397 fans. Strikes of teamsters and shipyard workers did not help, either. But there was a \$175,000 fee from television, of which Basilio got 38%, Fullmer 25%, the percentages as applied to their ends of the live gate, and that will be balm for their battered faces.

It was a vicious fight to watch, but there was no viciousness in the fighters themselves.

"I love that guy," said Fullmer afterward. "I can't think of a better sport or a better friend to fight."

—MARTIN KANE

THE FISH THAT RUNS IN MILLIONS

The Pacific salmon with their autumn spawning runs provide a miracle of abundance for fishermen from California to Alaska

by RODERICK HAIG-BROWN

IN THE WORLD of nature there are few such wonders as the migration and spawning of the Pacific salmon. Each year in the late summer and early fall the miracle occurs when the inshore waters of the Northwest boil with the leaping bodies of more than 50 million fish. The salmon have come hundreds, even thousands of miles to this engagement, from the far reaches of the dim-lit depths of the sea to gravel beds in the hill streams. Three, four, five or six years ago they were spawned in this same gravel. According to their race and kind they made their fresh-water growth, felt the stimulus of glandular change and turned to the sea.

In the salt-water years they have schooled and scattered and schooled again, hunting and feeding, growing the grace and strength and speed that will carry them back by unknown ways to the gravel bars that hatched them. In the final summer some of the feeding frenzy is lost, to



be replaced by the steadily increasing urgency of return. There are ways which they find through the trackless wastes of water, marked out by temperature bands and current flows, detected by scent and taste and nerve ends of feeling and by the conditioning experience of a thousand generations. Eggs and milt swell in the body cavities, the rivers are found and recognized, the schools turn in and follow their ancient ways through river to lesser river, to tributary stream, to creek and spawning redd.

The Pacific salmon runs are a phenomenon of abundance matching the buffalo herds, the caribou migrations and the flights of the passenger pigeon. They range from the northern limits of Alaska to California. They make the world's most lucrative commercial fishery, worth a quarter of a billion dollars annually along the North American coastline. To the sportsman they are even more valuable. For in these runs are two of the

world's great game fish, the king salmon and the coho. Each year tens of thousands of anglers pursue the fish through bays and inlets, pounding surf and swift-flowing rivers. In the state of Washington alone they spend \$70 million a year—three times the value of the commercial catches in the same water.

The salmon runs are, in truth, the wealth of the Pacific Ocean brought readily back to the hand and use of man. For his part, man has used them and abused them, injured and restored them. He knows enough to multiply them even beyond their original abundance—and he is threatening them with total destruction. They have stirred international problems and fostered international cooperation; and they have been a part of Northwest history from its earliest beginnings.

Long before any white man reached the north Pacific coastline, the abundance of the salmon had fostered half

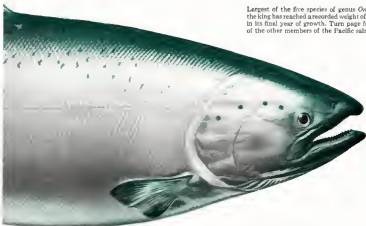
a dozen native civilizations, Tlingit, Tsimshian, Haida, Kwakiutl, Bella-coola, Nootka—painters and carvers and weavers, warriors and storytellers and dancers, who found time to develop their arts and skills because the wealth of the ocean came unfaillingly each year through the inland waterways to the brightness of the nursing streams. Through trading tribes like the Chinooks and through waterways like the Columbia, the Fraser and the Yukon, this wealth reached far inland, to the passes of the Rocky Mountains and beyond.

The explorers and fur traders came upon the salmon and duly recorded them. Alexander Mackenzie, first man to cross the continent, described them in the upper reaches of the Fraser River on August 6, 1793: "The salmon were now drifting up the river in such large shoals that the water seemed to be covered with the fins of them." In the same year Captain

continued

KING SALMON

Largest of the five species of genus *Oncorhynchus*, the king has reached a recorded weight of 135 pounds in its final year of growth. Turn page for drawings of the other members of the Pacific salmon family.



Drawings by Jack King

George Vancouver, exploring the Alaska coastline, noticed the returning hordes of what he called the "hunchbacked salmon": "In the course of this excursion great numbers of these fish had been seen, not only in all the arms, but in almost every run of fresh water, particularly near the termination of the several inlets, where they were innumerable. . . ."

But the keenest of all these early observers was David Thompson, geographer and partner in the Northwest Fur Company, who discovered the sources of the Columbia and descended to its mouth in 1811. "It is a firm belief of the Natives of this River," wrote Thompson, "that of the myriads of Salmon that annually leave the salt water Ocean and enter fresh water Rivers, not one ever returns alive to the sea; they all proceed to their re-

spective spawning places, accomplish this and soon after die of exhaustion. . . . It does not appear that they take any nourishment after they leave the sea as their stomachs are always empty, probably from finding in fresh water no nourishment suitable to them; it is affirmed that no Salmon spawns twice. . . . The Salmon that enter the Columbia River are of five species as pointed out to me by the Natives, the smallest are about five pounds in weight; and the largest from fifty to fifty-five pounds in weight; the Natives say that no two species enter the same stream to spawn. . . ."

The information Thompson's Indians gave him was surprisingly accurate. The five species of Pacific salmon, each with its own life history and distinguishing marks, had been identified and named some 80 years earlier by Steller, the Russian naturalist. The original names are preserved in the scientific names of today. The Pacific salmon are true Salmonidae but are separated from the Atlantic salmon and the trouts into the genus *Oncorhynchus*. *O. tshawytscha*, the largest species, is commonly known as the king, Chinook, spring, tyee or quinnat. *O. kisutch* is the coho, or silver salmon. *O. nerka*, the Alaska red, the Columbia blueback or sockeye salmon, is the most important commercial species. *O. tula* is the dog, or chum salmon. *O. gorbuscha*, the humpback, or pink salmon, is smallest of the five species.

"Not one ever returns to the sea," Thompson said. And so it is; there is no record of any Pacific salmon living to spawn a second time and no reason to believe that one ever has done so, although the steelhead trout of the same streams and the Atlantic salmon of the other coast may live to spawn two and three times. The Pacific salmon return only once to the swift, clear headwaters. There the bright, heavy bodies of the females turn as they dig with their tails into the gravel and deepen places for their nests. Then the female hovers over the depression, the male attendant upon her, and finally she digs once more to cover the eggs and protect them.

Deep in the protecting gravel, fed by the oxygen of the filtered water, the eggs slowly develop through the long winter. By the time of the spring freshets the little fish have worked their way up to lie briefly among the sheltering rocks of the stream bottom and absorb the final sustenance of the

THE KING'S CLAN



SILVER SALMON

FAST-MOVING SILVER, ALSO CALLED COHO, IS AUTHOR'S FAVORED QUARRY



DOG SALMON

ESSENTIALLY COMMERCIAL FISH, DOG IS MOST NUMEROUS IN ALASKAN WATERS



HUMPBACK

SMALLEST TRUE SPECIES, THE HUMPBACK WEIGHS 3 TO 10 POUNDS AT MATURITY



SOCKEYE

PROLIFIC SOCKEYE ACCOUNTS FOR MAJOR PORTION OF \$200 MILLION FISHERY

yolk sacs still clinging to their bellies. With these gone, the last tie with the dead generation is broken. They are free-swimming fish, on their own to feed, to grow, to survive if they can. Inch-long, silvery-bright already, the tiny humpbacks turn at once for the sea; in two short years they must make their growth and return to the same nursing streams. Most of the kings will leave very soon, though a few may linger a full year in fresh water; they, too, have a great deal of growing to do in four or five years of salt-water life. The cohos, orange-tailed, brown-backed, fiercely competitive, will stay a full year in the stream, reach salt water at the start of their second year and return to their spawning as eight- and 10-pound 3-year-olds. The sockeyes must turn upstream or down to find the lake that has raised their forebears through thousands of years; there, for a year or perhaps two, they will feed on the tiny crustaceans, *Daphnia* and *Diopomus*, then turn down to the three years of sea feeding that will bring them to maturity.

The seaward journey of the salmon is no slight or timid thing. Fish from the Columbia River are found far to the northward along the British Columbia coastline and into the offshore waters of Alaska. Fish from the Fraser and other British Columbia streams travel still farther north and out along the Aleutian chain. Alaskan fish mingle with fish from Siberia and Kamchatka in mid-Pacific and far beyond, almost to the Asian shore. Yet the survivors of these ocean wanderings sort themselves out and faithfully return to the identical tributary streams that nursed their earliest life. And their return matches almost to the day the date of their parents' return. The driving forces of their return are biological; but its precision is and must be almost mechanically perfect if the miracle is to be effective.

For sport fishermen this year, the miracle has been effective. Runs are gathered in great schools in the Strait of Juan de Fuca and off the fishing hamlets of Westport and Lapush in Washington. This is the climax of the salmon-fishing season. It is time for the trophy hunters to look to their gear and polish their lures.

Most salmon are caught by trolling a bait (usually fresh herring) or a lure (usually a spoon or plug); and one of the problems is getting down to deep-feeding fish. Commercial trollers have taken salmon at depths to 90 fathoms,



RECORD RUN OF 16.5 MILLION SOCKEYES RETURNED TO ADAMS RIVER IN 1959

and the fish probably feed at much greater depths. Sportsmen don't get down quite that far, but they try. Wire lines help. In some places a "planer" is used to carry the line down; a planer is that ancient fisherman's device, the otter board, set to ride vertically downward through the water instead of horizontally and so carry the lure to a greater depth without the disadvantage of a heavy weight. Planers are tripped to lose their action when a fish strikes, but even so they can sometimes cause a measure of excitement and confusion before a big fish is brought to boat.

SOME fishermen claim that, day in, day out, strip-casting or mooching with fresh herring will do as much business with feeding Pacific salmon, kings or cohos, as any other technique. The herring is generally cut in two ways: either as tapered slices of flesh and skin taken from the side of the herring, or as plugs made by cutting away the head at an angle behind the gill covers. Strip casting is a first-rate sport and permits the use of really light gear, especially when the fish are not too deep. The fisherman anchors his boat at a good spot, strips off several yards of monofilament from his

reel, then casts out his herring strip with an easy side-swing movement. A two-ounce weight will take the bait down through anything but a very fast tide, and the fisherman can pay out extra line to get more depth. When it is deep enough he may leave it to play in the tidal currents until a fish strikes; or if he is an impatient type, like so many of us, he will strip it back in, with frequent pauses, until he is ready to make another cast.

The moocher is the stripper's younger brother. At some stage the stripper learned he could pick up fish by leaving his gear dangling near bottom as he slowly rowed from one favorite hole to another. The moocher does exactly that, and preferably still from a rowboat; he just mooches slowly along, now rowing, now drifting, letting the tide carry and work his herring strip or herring plug into all the likely places. Good moochers, like good strippers, are men of great skill and cunning who will find fish when no one else does.

The rarest prize for the moocher or the stripper is the giant king that comes in along with the coho and the smaller, feeding kings. A big fish may turn up anywhere—off Astoria or

continued



TROLLING FOR GIANT KINGS. THREE SALMON FISHERMEN PUSH PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO BREAKWATER AT GRAYS HARBOR, WASH.

PACIFIC SALMON *continued*

Westport, out from Neah Bay behind Cape Flattery, in the San Juan Islands or in Puget Sound itself. The favorite place to look for them is along the bars off the mouths of the rivers that have runs of 5-year-old fish. They are dour and difficult, rarely or never feeding, as their bodies undergo the drastic changes that fit them for spawning. But they can be made to strike, and when one does the fisherman has the raw material of major triumph at the other end of his line. Conventional salmon trolling spoons like the Gibbs-Stewart have remained the most popular and successful artificial lures. They must be worked as slowly and steadily as possible, never spinning and without too much "throw" from side to side.

The returning coho offer a much more lighthearted form of sport than the big kings. Coho continue to feed, at least to some extent, even when they are waiting off the stream mouths. They are a surface fish by preference, running close to the top of the water, feeding there when they can and fighting at the surface and above it when they are hooked. Shallow trolling at a fair rate of speed generally gets the best results with the maturing fish of late summer and fall, and they will take small bright spoons, long polar-bear-hair streamer flies and small plugs with about equal

enthusiasm. A five- or six-ounce fly rod is ideal for this fishing. The reel should carry at least 150 yards of line, since cohos run hard and fast and jump very freely when they are hooked. When the fish are breaking the surface in their feeding, a cast fly often does well; sometimes fish take it the moment it hits the water. But cohos are generally best fished from a moving boat because they usually like to follow a longish way before taking. From an anchored boat one too often watches the arrowhead ripple of a following fish come on and on, only to turn off or out at the last moment, when the retrieve slows and the fish catches sight of the boat.

In July and August, especially along the east coast of Vancouver Island, there is sometimes excellent sport in "hunting the beaches" with spinning rod or casting rod, throwing out a small spoon like the Gressig crocodile. Generally one can pick up an occasional salmon, king or coho or humpback, here and there among strikes from rock cod and other less desirable fish. The best time is at high tide on calm July evenings, when schools of small herrings pile right in against the shore at certain beaches. If the feeding cohos turn into them, it is an exciting affair. One wades knee-deep among clustered herring and casts a fly or lure at the swirls and surges of feeding fish. If the beach is well known, there may be a hun-

dred other fishermen, all with their wives and children and dogs, everyone except the dogs hooking fish, and some of the dogs hurling themselves into the water to leap on struggling fish or chase the showers of startled herring. Everyone is happy and friendly and full of talk; it is about as close as we northerners come to a spontaneous fiesta.

SOME rivers have a run of big kings, usually 20- and 30-pounders, in the spring of the year; these are bright, clean fish that will not be ready to spawn for several months and are well worth catching. Often they lie in the heavy water at the head of the pools, just under the foot of the rapids, where a big spoon cast at the white water and swung back over the breakoff will be taken fiercely. The fish are very fast indeed, faster than any fish I know except fresh-run summer steelhead, and very strong—I have seen the first run of a May fish pull down the rod top and break 30-pound line. Sometimes they make long twisting runs right at the surface, with half their deep bodies out in the sunlight, and they will run out of a pool, upstream or down, as often as not. Unfortunately, many of the streams with these early-season runs are glacier-fed and cloudy, so they give little chance of good fishing except where clearer streams run in. The Puntledge on Vancouver Island

used to be an excellent clear-water stream for May-run kings but has been spoiled by a dam. There is good fishing still in some of the main tributaries of the Snake and Columbia systems. But first-rate clear-water, spring-run streams are hard to find.

In fact, despite the healthy size of this year's run, first-rate fishing grounds for both king and coho are becoming increasingly hard to find at any season. Some of the best rivers and streams have already been ruined, and each year more and more are taken away, while the numbers of fishermen on the remaining grounds continue to grow. Ferris Neave, one of the ablest of salmon biologists, said recently that the Pacific salmon fishery so far has been "the gathering of an uncultivated crop of fish whose abundance has depended on great areas of land and water being left in their primitive condition." The chief threats to this desirable primitive condition are the following: big dams and other obstructions; pollution from domestic and industrial causes, including pest-control spraying; and reduction of stream flows through deforestation or irrigation.

Of these the last represents the greatest threat to the coho runs, while the first is the chief danger to the king salmon and the sockeye. It is true that only the king and coho are of direct interest to sportsmen. Nevertheless, in terms of management and conservation, the game and commercial fisheries are so closely related that it is wrong to consider one without the other. The sockeye is and always has been the most important commercial species because of the richness and color of its flesh. Its high commercial value gives dramatic effect to conservation measures aimed at preserving and increasing its runs. The action is played out on a giant scale under a full glare of publicity; many millions of dollars are involved, and many millions of fish. Conflicting philosophies are strongly engaged; and no sportsman can be unconcerned, for in the fate of the sockeye runs will also be written the fate of game species and the survival or disappearance of one of the earth's great natural resources.

The streams and lakes of Alaska and northern British Columbia support many great sockeye runs. The Bristol Bay fishery, now seriously affected by Japanese mid-ocean fishing, has yielded as many as 20 million fish in a season; the Karluk River on Kodiak

Island, the Nass, the Skeena and Rivers Inlet in northern British Columbia are all important runs. But the greatest sockeye river of them all, even as the Columbia was once the greatest king salmon river, is the Fraser.

The Fraser River rises near Yellowhead Pass in the Rocky Mountains and flows 700 miles through the heart of British Columbia, between the Coast Range and the interior mountains. Its watershed is a mighty complex of lakes and tributary rivers—Stuart, Fraser, François, Quessnel, Chilko, Adams, Birkenhead, Cultus, Harrison and many others. All contribute to the sockeye runs; a few are tremendous producers. In 1958 the Adams run alone brought back more than 18½ million fish. It was the greatest run of 89 recorded years and probably the greatest return of all time from a single spawning area. Significantly, it was a triumph of management by man.

DURING 1913 and 1914 railroad construction along the gorges through which the Fraser flows heaved thousands of tons of rock down to block the narrow channel and practically wiped out the runs of those years. Most of the obstructions were removed by 1915, but one of the worst, at Hell's Gate, could not be effectively removed and remained a serious block at certain stages of river flow all through the '20s and '30s. Fraser River sockeye catches fell off from an average of well over 10 million fish a year at the turn of the century to something less than 2 million.

In 1937 the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission was formed by treaty between Canada and the United States. Investigation of the Fraser watershed was begun at once. In 1945 and 1946 specially designed fishways were installed at Hell's Gate, at a cost of some \$3 million. Carefully planned fishing closures, with some transplanting of stock to streams whose runs had been totally destroyed, soon began to build back the abundance.

The methods were so successful that they almost brought about a disaster of overabundance. Of last year's fantastic run, 15 million were caught, leaving 3½ million still moving toward the spawning beds. But there was room for only 2 million, and the surplus fish, arriving late, would have stirred up the beds of the 2 million who had already spawned, de-

stroying their eggs. Worse than that, the spawning of the late arrivals would have been largely ineffectual, and the Adams run might have been crippled for several years. The International Commission moved quickly to prevent the catastrophe. As soon as the proper escapement was safely on the spawning beds, the commission stretched electric fences across the Adams; the unwanted fish were shocked and turned back to go through their spawning motions on the gravel shallows of Shuswap Lake.

So the valuable early run was saved, and some 8 or 9 billion eggs were left to develop safely in the miraculous gravels of the little river. Their fate is in the weather and the wind, in tide flow and snowfall, perhaps even in the pull of the earth on its axis. But the fish are there, and the Adams River run should be only the beginning. In 1960 the Chilko is expected to produce a great run. In 1961 the Quessnel may return to its former glory, with a run of 10 million fish or more. And in 1962 it will be time for the Adams run again. In addition, Stuart Lake, Fraser Lake and François Lake are all improving steadily, and many biologists are convinced that management of this sort, continued over the next 15 or 20 years, will produce a far greater yield from the watershed than was possible under the most favorable natural conditions.

High dams on the big rivers—homing grounds for the king and sockeye salmon—are another and much more difficult matter. There are enormous mechanical problems, insoluble to date, in steering the young fish safely down past the lethal pressures of the turbine intakes and the thundering water of the spillways; there are equally difficult problems in passing the hundreds of thousands of adult fish in a peak run up over the dam in time for them to reach their native streams and spawn effectively. These adult fish must be guided past the dams relatively unharmed, and they must also be taken through on time. For it is not the spawning act that kills Pacific salmon but the exhaustion of their bodies. Each race of fish leaves the sea with reserves of oil and protein that will just carry it to the hereditary spawning area, through the spawning act and to the swift death that follows. A delay of 12 days at a dam or a series of dams will prevent effective spawning by most upriver

continued

rices; in some instances a delay of only three days will do the damage. Furthermore, any high dam on a good-sized stream represents a major environmental change; currents and temperatures will be changed, even the character of the water itself will be changed by the deposition of solids in the reservoirs, by the increased plant growth of the stiller waters and perhaps by other factors still unforeseen.

With the coho salmon the problem is not so severe. The coho loves small creeks. The spawning run goes in wherever there is water to cover their backs and often where there is not. In past decades the notoriously destructive logging methods of the Pacific slopes cleared away the timber and killed the ground cover over millions of acres, drying up literally thousands of the smaller spawning creeks and reducing the critical low summer flows of even quite considerable streams. As a result, thousands of small spawning runs were wiped out completely and the yield of the larger streams was greatly reduced by summer starvation of the young fish.

Fortunately, logging methods are no longer quite so destructive and the forest cover is at last growing back. Stream flows are improving and should continue to improve; and because so much of the Pacific slope is purely forest land, good for growing trees and little else, there is a real chance that sensible management of both forest and streams can maintain the necessary primitive conditions almost indefinitely.

FOR ME, and I think for many other fishermen, these advances in logging methods are particularly welcome. For it is the opinion of not a few anglers that the finest salmon fishing of all is in these small creeks. Scattered cohos come to them quite early and often hang off their mouths for several weeks. Sometimes they move right into the channel itself, and a



PRIZE CATCH for Fisherman Ernie St. Claire was 33-pound 3-ounce king taken on light tackle near Portland, Ore.

small silver-bodied fly, no more than a few strands of wood duck or light mallard on a No. 10 or 12 hook, finds them there among the big cutthroat trout that run to the same creeks. A good morning or evening at such a creek may produce a thoroughly mixed bag of worthwhile fish—perhaps a 10-pound coho, a bright five- or six-pound humpback female, a fine big cutthroat or two and probably some silvery coho jacks of 16 or 17 inches, running to spawn a year before their time. One remembers misty mornings along the mud flats by the creek channels, the bright and windy days, the tide making and the tide falling. But I remember best of all the lonely feel of dusk, a great fish played out and rolling in the black and silver shadows, and sea birds culling on their way to rest.

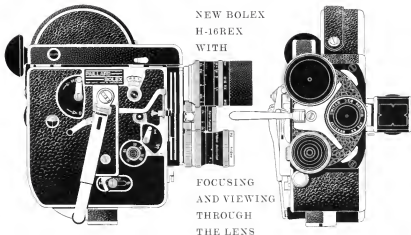
In the fresh-water pools of the

Campbell bright tyees will often take a spoon or spinner or small plug. But I have never been able to take them on a fly until late September or early October, when they have darkened up and moved to shallower water. Then they sometimes become a nuisance, fiercely attacking small flies meant for better fish than themselves. Too often a hooked monster simply swims off to the depths of the pool and sulks. With a five-ounce fly rod and 0x or 1x gut there is nothing much to do then except point the rod at the fish and break off the fly. But occasionally a fish decides to fight it out. To have a chance at all, the fisherman needs a preconceived plan of battle and a certain amount of luck. And he had better be quick on his feet, for the rod and line will not do it all.

When these big dusky tyees start roughing up my flies, I usually take it as a warning to fold up the rods and wait for the arrival of the winter steelhead. But it is no time to stay away from the river. Spawning Pacific salmon, like the migrating ducks and geese of the main flyways, are one of the few great natural spectacles left on the conti-

ment. They range themselves in majestic schools over the spawning shallows, their colors brighten, they heave the water and splash and struggle and fight among themselves. It is a great pageant of death; yet it is also a pattern and symbol of life. Because the final act of life is the planting of new life in the gravel beds, death is lost in the clear continuity of life. It is not destruction, but renewed creation. The ravaged bodies of the salmon scattered along the river beds, clustered in the eddies, stranded on the shallows, are no more than the fallen leaves of a cycle's completion, a sacrifice to the mystery and miracle of the salmon's return. For it remains a mystery in spite of the years of research that have solved some of its mechanics, and it will remain a miracle so long as any thoughtful man is left on earth to wonder.

END



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19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

BASEBALL: IMPETUOUS GENIUS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your tremendous story on Larry MacPhail (*The Great MacPhail*, 81, Aug. 17 et seq.). Like all your other colorful stories on famous sports personalities (Aly Khan, Jack Johnson, to name a few) it was fascinating.

MARK SILVERMAN

Lafayette, Calif.

Sirs:

I have read other articles about Mr. MacPhail, but this one—Well, he should be pleased with what Gerald Holland has done to him.

DON MARTIN

Parkeersburg, W. Va.

Sirs:

I just got around to reading your Larry MacPhail piece. It's a hell of a story, one of the best I've ever read. Congratulations!

BILL STERN

Mutual Broadcasting System
New York City

Sirs:

GERALD HOLLAND HAS DONE GREAT JOB ON THE GREAT MACPHAIL. I WAS WITH MACPHAIL IN PRESS ROOM OF EBBETS FIELD LISTENING TO BROADCAST OF GAME BEING PLAYED ON DIAMOND THESE THAT NIGHT WHEN MEDWICK WAS HIT BY PITCHED BALL. WE WERE BOTH FANNING AND LISTENING TO GAME DRUNKING FRONTENAC ALE. MACPHAIL IMMEDIATELY RUSHED TO ELEVATOR WHEN HE LEARNED OF MEDWICK BEATING. ELEVATOR IS OF LIMITED CAPACITY AND SLOW-MOVING. DOOR WAS AN IRON ONE FOR FIRE PROTECTION, BUT NEVERTHELESS WHEN ELEVATOR MAN DID NOT ANSWER QUICK ENOUGH FOR MACPHAIL HE THEN KICKED AT THE DOOR, HURRYING TO GET ACTION. JUST AS SOON AS IT WAS OPENED HE DASHED IN AND OUT TO SEE MEDWICK. HE WAS NOT SEATED IN PRESS BOX, BUT IN PRESS ROOM WHEN HE HEARD NEWS. THIS REPORT IS RATHER A FILE-IN AND NOT CONNECTION SO FAR AS AMLE STORY BY GERALD HOLLAND.

J. G. TAYLOR SPINK

Publisher, *The Sporting News*
St. Louis

Sirs:

MacPhail rushed from his box on the Brooklyn side of the field through the grandstand to a vantage point very close to the Cardinal dugout and, leaning over the low railing, shook his fist at the Cardinals, publicly praying for them, while many of the Cardinals came to the top of the dugout and prayed right back.

And who could blame MacPhail? Only a few days before, he had got up a fortune for the purchase of Medwick from the Cardinals. In those helmetless days Bowman's pitch, after striking Medwick and

cracking like a pistol shot, rolled all the way out past third base in foul territory. Medwick hit the ground, his whole body jerking in spasms; then he lay there like a dead man. There were not a few of us in old Ebbets Field that day who thought he just might have been killed.

J. F. MURRAY

Weston, Conn.

Sirs:

MacPhail is a tremendously interesting character and truly a genius. But in the same breath let me say, "You can have him." I'll bet that Gerald Holland was glad to get his assignment finished.

EARL B. COYLE

Washington, D.C.

● Writer Holland enjoyed his assignment, is convinced that the world needs more MacPhails.—ED.

BOXING: DAY OF RECKONING

Sirs:

After reading about the corruption in boxing, I hope and pray Ingemar Johansson, a foreigner, will be the means of Americans' seeing that corruption does not pay and that the mess will be cleaned up. There is always a reckoning day. The crime of today seems to be not in doing wrong, but in getting caught. I will sign off with this quote from the Bible (Galatians 6:7): "For what a man sows, that he will also reap."

FLORENCE M. BRIGGS

Minneapolis

Sirs:

I would like to offer my suggestion for the next world heavyweight championship fight.

Let's have Ingo fight 10 rounds apiece against D'Amato, Black and Velella; and Patterson 10 rounds each against Rosensohn, Kahn and Norris; then have the government give each fighter \$500,000, give the rest of the money to charity and boxing back to the public.

JIM DAVIDSON

Wichita, Kans.

● See page 22.—ED.

FOOTBALL: SUCCESS AND FAILURE

Sirs:

Congratulations on *Private Life of a Forward Passer* (81, Aug. 10), a new and novel approach to the field of sports. I read the letters with increasing interest. However, as the pages unfolded, I became disturbed, irritated and mad. What is wrong with our universities that they allow a student who appears to be mentally above the average to drop out of school in his senior year? I am not too happy with

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Photograph by Harold Helms

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10TH HOLE

Murray Olderman and Jack Curtice and the part they played

Grosscup will regret quitting college all his life, no matter how successful his career.

The university, Olderman and Curtice did a poor job in not pointing out in a convincing manner that football lane is a bubble reputation which, like an almost burned-out candle, flickers and is soon to snuff.

Grosscup should know by now that an uncompleted pass is for naught. Yet in his first major undertaking, his college career, he failed. That is a fair indication of things to come. Let's hope not.

ROY PALMER

Win-ton-Salem, N. C.

Sirs:

Thanks for printing the wonderful and amusing letters of Lee Grosscup. Now I realize football players feel and act like the rest of us.

Grosscup's talent goes far beyond his passing ability.

BARDEN FRESCUA

Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:

If Mr. Grosscup is serious about writing, he should find a better subject than himself to write about, if he can. He uses the word "I" 320 times in his short diary.

The true statement in the whole article was, "Success is spilling 'Rock Grosscup.'" Perhaps the teen-agers who read this article will not believe that the typical All-America football player attends three different colleges to suit his football and therefore does not graduate because of lack of credits from moving around. On the other hand, perhaps they will get this impression and then attempt to follow this questionable pattern themselves.

REV. L. Y. SUMMERS JR.

Oakland, Md.

Sirs:

I think *Private Life of a Forward Passer* by Lee Grosscup is just terrific.

GARY GRUNITSKI

Regina, Sask.

EDITOR'S WORST FRIEND

Sirs:

Your recent article about talking dogs (*EVEREST & DISCOVERIES*, Aug. 10) is ridiculous. When my dog read it he just laughed hollowly and closed the magazine.

RAY EMERY

Las Vegas, Nev.

GOLF: ARE WE COMPLAINING?

Sirs:

We've had five years of interesting articles. Jean Flynn Dreyer's treatise on women's golf, "It's a Mad World and We Live In It" (SI, Aug. 17) is a perfect gem. As it is 10 a.m. Saturday morning and the homemaker is out avoiding "psychiatrists' bills," I shall leave the August 17th issue, opened to this article, on the kitchen table wrapped in the used wax paper which covered my sandwich (Saturday's lunch). Naturally, I'll be out playing when the returns. Just a couple of

short hours before reading this piece the writer was awakened at 7:30 a.m. by another homemaker calling to check on the meeting time.

Are we men complaining? You bet not! Playing in mixed Scotch foursomes or in alternate-shot events with the sandwich makers is more fun than any other type of match.

Happy anniversary.
ALBERT LEWITT
Nashua, N.H.

BASEBALL: EVERYONE A STAR

Sirs:

If we must have two All-Star games, why not have a whole mess of them, like one each week? We could have a left-handed All-Star game, a rookie All-Star game, a first-division All-Star game, a right-handed All-Star game, a Negro All-Star game, a sophomore All-Star game, a white All-Star game and a cellar-dweller All-Star game, plus many more.

This may sound ridiculous, but is it any more so than having two such events, a system that considerably cheapens both?

RUSTY HAMMOND
Randlean, N.C.

REVIEW

Sirs:

The strip of caricatures of those men involved in the Patterson-Johnson squabble were simply priceless. The art of caricature has almost disappeared. Congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Marc Simont for these outstanding examples of a dying art.

HARRISON J. COWAN
New York City

DOGS: IN PRAISE OF RETRIEVERS

Sirs:

A statement made by Mr. Stymiest in his article concerning the training of pointing dogs (*Field Training: The Pointing Dogs*, SI, Aug. 3) prompts me to write. He said that when the dog was well-trained and experienced he could be taught to retrieve, but the job was not expected of the dog.

This brought to mind the big difference I have found in pointers trained in my home country and those trained here in Kentucky. I am originally from Mississippi, having been born and raised there, and have been in Kentucky only two years. When I first came to Kentucky I was struck by the fact that the dogs here didn't retrieve. It was the exceptional dog that did and that always prompted much praise. As far back as I can remember, all the dogs I have hunted with and owned in Mississippi were retrievers and were expected to retrieve. In some of that Delta country you would have had one hell of a job finding a dead bird if they didn't retrieve. After hunting with dogs trained both ways I still choose the retriever and intend to continue to teach my dog to do it.

Your series of articles on the training of hunting dogs has been excellent and very enjoyable.

JERRY ADAMS, M.D.
Shelbyville, Ky.



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Pat on the Back

Harry End



JOANNE DIMAGGIO WEBBER

'Just like Dad and Uncle Dominic'

There is a DiMaggio playing center field for Pittsburg again. This DiMaggio, however, is not Vince, former Pittsburgh Pirates center fielder and the oldest of the great baseball brothers, but his daughter Joanne who, "just like Dad," holds down that position for the Pittsburg, Calif. Travelers, a hot softball outfit that has just qualified for the North Pacific regional tournament.

Joanne, the mascot of the Stockton Ports when her father managed that California League team a decade

ago, has been playing softball for 10 years, also stars as a basketball guard in the Oakland Women's Industrial League. She used to bat clean-up but now prefers to lead off "like Uncle Dominic." Her opponents consider her one of the best lead-off batters in the league; in four recent games she hit .545. With Vince living close by and Uncles Joe and Dominic available for advice, there may yet be a third-generation DiMaggio on the baseball diamond, for Joanne now has a six-month-old son.

Muscling in on the Muskie

A scrappy and elusive fish
tentatizes fresh-water anglers

by RAYMOND R. CAMP



BARRACUDA-LIKE MUSKIE FORAGES CLOSE TO SHORE AMONG WEEDS AND LILY PADS

TO the average fresh-water angler who is accustomed to a three- or four-pound fish, a forty-pound fright like the fish shown above appears gigantic. Such an individual can be pardoned for displaying a certain amount of nervous caution when confronted by the mean head, the long jaw bristling with a wealth of sharp teeth, and the eye, baleful and malevolent, which seems to promise personal vengeance for the indignity of the hook. For many anglers, however, this is the fish they have been looking for all summer: the muskie, one of the largest of North American fresh-water game fishes and, because of its ferocity and unpredictability, one of the most prized.

The muskie is a tough fish to catch and usually requires many, many backbreaking hours of heaving a plug, bucktail or sucker. But this season, in northeastern Wisconsin, conservation officials claim the muskie fishing has been exceptionally good, the best in the past 18 years. "Even the novices are catching muskies," says one official, "and some guys who have been trying for years without success are finally bringing them in." One couple from Indianapolis took 13 legal-size muskies from Big Arbor Vitae Lake in Vilas County

inside of a week. And this is in territory where the Muskellunge Club of Wisconsin once estimated that it took 105 hours of fishing to catch just one muskie of legal size.

Conservation men in rival muskie states are inclined to belittle Wisconsin's boom. Muskies are not becoming any easier to catch, they explain; it is merely that this July had a lot of rain and on-and-off heat which apparently brings them to the surface. They point out, furthermore, that Wisconsin has always claimed to have had more big muskies, medium-sized muskies and more good muskie waters than any comparable region in the world. It boasts 398 muskie lakes and 54 muskie streams and has even gone so far as to make the state fish a muskie.

Actually, the range and distribution of the muskie is rather limited. The other outstanding areas are Minnesota, Michigan, Ontario and New York (the St. Lawrence River and Chautauque Lake). In lesser numbers muskies are also caught in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Indiana, and some have even found their way down the rivers into West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia. But though proved capable of existing in waters that

attain rather high temperatures during the summer months, the muskie is essentially a northern fish, and thousands of hopeful anglers travel from 500 to 1,500 miles each year to try their luck and skill.

No one can say, although many are willing to guess, just how large the muskie will grow. That they pass the 100-pound mark is admitted, for a fish scaling 102 pounds was reported netted from a Wisconsin lake over 50 years ago. The largest muskie ever reported caught on rod and reel was just over 70 pounds, though the record was never officially accepted.

There has been considerable confusion as to the identification and nomenclature of the muskie ever since the Algonquian Indians first came across one. They decided it was just like a pike only bigger, and called it *mes kwoong* or great pike.

Then along came the ichthyologists. When they encountered the Algonquians and the fish they went into a huddle and settled on *Esox masquinongy*. The French contributed to the confusion—and ultimately to its clarification—by calling it *mosque allongé* or long face. So naturally the French won out, and the fish became generally known as *maskalonge* or

eastward

muskellunge. In angling jargon this was reduced to "muskoe."

For any fisherman inclined toward research there should be little reason for confusing the muskie with other members of the *Esox* genus. Regardless of size, if the lower half of both cheeks and gill covers lacks scales there can be no question—it is a muskie. The pike has scales on the upper and lower cheeks and on the upper half of the gill covers, and the pickerel is scaled on both cheeks and gill covers.

During the extreme heat of the summer the muskie is a light eater, and shows some indifference to the anglers' lures. By early September the fish begins feeding more avidly, and this season proves most productive for the angler. Like the gourmet who finally reaches Paris, the muskie

ever, it is entirely possible that a muskie considers anything that moves, and is not too large to be swallowed, to be edible.

Once hooked, the muskie makes no bones about his opposition to restraint, and the exhibition often proves spectacular. Although it is not normally inclined toward surface gymnastics, as is the salmon, many an angler has been surprised and disturbed to find himself sharing the boat with a muskie a few seconds after the fish is hooked. There have been recorded instances, under such conditions, when the angler decided the element just abandoned by the big fish was preferable to a drier but more dangerous seat in the boat or canoe.

Normally, the fish displays its opposition by a series of runs, accompanied by underwater thrashing. The major problem faced by the angler is

to frequent an area populated by a school of hungry muskies.

When the fish attains adult stature it seeks out a vantage point where food appears to be reasonably abundant and lurks. This is often a pocket on the fringe of a weed bed or a convenient niche on the rim of a ledge or reef. In a river it might be the deep cut under an overhanging bank or a cavern under the projecting roots of a streamside tree.

A good lurking place apparently is readily recognized by a big muskie; anglers report that when a large fish is taken from one of these spots, another fish usually moves in soon. The angler who locates one of these hang-outs usually concentrates his fishing efforts on the individual occupant.

A TIGER'S STALK

Occasionally the muskie will cruise in search of food. On such excursions it will often stalk its prey as carefully and craftily as a tiger, taking full advantage of all cover in approaching the victim. Then there will be the final, darting rush that seems to confuse and terrorize the prey. The long jaw, crowded with needle-sharp teeth, snaps viciously and the hunt is over.

While on the spawning beds the muskie exhibits less interest in feeding, and apparently grabs at passing fish or the lures of an angler through annoyance. It seems to concentrate firmly on the matter at hand, and in view of the magnitude of the event this is not surprising. The average female produces from 100,000 to 300,000 eggs. Fortunately a large proportion of these eggs is gobbled up by predatory fish, and the mortality rate of newly hatched muskies is extremely high. Otherwise, as a barroom philosopher once pointed out, the residents of several north-central states would be up to their hips in muskies.

As it is, the supply of these fish is never equal to the demand. In an effort to provide better muskie fishing, a few states have initiated projects for the artificial propagation, rearing and restocking of the fish.

Young muskies reared in hatcheries are, after five months, sufficiently hardy to withstand shipment to waters where the population of the species is low. From then on they are likely to have long and happy lives even if caught in the end—muskies, after a burst of speed in which they grow nine inches in their first 100 days, may take as long as 15 years to reach legal size of 39 inches.

END



LARGE FIGHTING MUSKIE startles three happy fishermen with raw exhibition of surface gymnastics as he explodes from the still waters of a northern Wisconsin lake.

will try to eat anything. Its major diet involves other fish, principally suckers, carp, shiners, perch, assorted minnows and small muskies who happen to be passing. At the same time, it will not turn down an occasional frog, water snake, duckling or small aquatic mammal. A number of large muskies, when dissected, were found to contain adult ducks and large muskrats, and there have been instances when small dogs, out for a swim, were attacked by these fish. So far as is known, none have ever attacked humans without provocation.

No one knows what causes the muskie's response to the wide and colorful assortment of baits and lures cast or trolled by the angler. How-

to keep his quarry from seeking shelter in a thick weed bed, under a ledge, or among the tangled roots of a waterside tree. Once the fish manages to attain one of these sanctuaries, the result is usually a snapped line or a pulled hook.

There is nothing gregarious about the muskie, at least in the adult stage. Except during the rather brief spawning period during April or May (depending upon water temperature), when it moves in to the shallow, lake spawning beds the muskie is antisocial in the extreme. This can be attributed, at least in part, to its size and appetite. Certainly none of the small fish which constitute the bulk of the muskie's diet would continue

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